THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 76. PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT No. 720 SANSOM ST. Philadelphia, Saturday, November 28, 1896. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 22

A SINGLE DAY.

BY C. M.

'Twas but a summer day, I ween—
This morn the sunlight tangled through
The forests boughs that crossed the blue,
And we were standing, I and you,
Where all the fulness of that sheen
Smiled on the daisied turf between.

'Twas but a summer day, I ween—
To-night the moonlight, smiling cold,
Just peers from out her cloudy hold:
The daisies now no more unfold—
One moonbeam trembles, as between—
The ghost of what the day hath been.

'Twas but a summer day, I ween—
Why should we strive to make it more?
It must be so, and was of yore—
The night comes, and the day is o'er—
And hopes that glowed with sunny sheen,
Now flit like moon-pale ghosts between.

'Twas but a summer day, I ween—
You should have known 'twould pass away;
You should have wooed while yet 'twas day;
All day the sun's glad warmth did stay,
But now the cold dews drench the green,
And my path winds the glooms atween.

'Twas but a summer day, I ween—
E'en then some shadow crossed my way—
You found a path more sunny, gay—
Why should you come at close of day,
When shadows deepen, us between,
And blot out all that once hath been?

'Twas but a summer day, I ween—
But while it shone, you let me go,
And howsoe'er the sunshine glow,
The stones will pierce, the briers grow—
My feet left bleeding prints between
Each flicker of the sunny sheen.

'Twas but a single day, I ween—
A single's day, all passed away;
To-morrow is not yesterday;
The past is passed away for aye.
I've walked alone from morn to e'en—
You cannot teach me now to lean.

THE KING'S RUBIES

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TERRIBLE PENALTY," "HIS DEAREST SIN," "MISS FORRESTER'S LAND STEWARD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

MRS. GIFFORD had been fairly successful in making her way into society. She was not rich enough to carry the position by storm; people would insist on asking, "Who is she?" but, when once they had made her acquaintance, they liked her.

She got on very well with men, without attracting them so much as to draw down upon her indignation of their womankind; but, when Derek Esdaile went twice to her house and was seen to stop and talk to her in the Park when he could so easily have avoided her, the exclusives were as good as conquered.

They did not pause to inquire into his reasons for so acting; if he thought her a worthy acquaintance, there could be no room for doubt in the matter.

Although she was a tuft-hunter, and not perfectly well bred, still she was no worse than hundreds of others; she did not even appear to be trying to catch a husband, but simply desired to figure at great entertainments and to receive celebrities at her house.

The appearance of a beautiful penniless girl as an inmate of Mrs. Gifford's establishment was voted a mistake. The men would go, of course; but the women would probably stay away—they could not have their daughters eclipsed and their sons caught.

It was such a very old arrangement, Miss Maubray seeming to be something between a companion and a friend, and carrying on her professional studies at the same time.

It was no doubt very kind of Mrs. Gifford to take her up; but she was injuring herself. She was not the sort of person, either by position or personal qualifications, who could foist on her world any one whom she chose.

Lady Wyndham, the most kind-hearted of women, said it was very nice of Mrs. Gifford, but very foolish; and she thought Derek Esdaile, to whom she made the remark, extremely dense for asking—

"Why foolish?"

"She is like a steamer going ahead and then reversing her engines," she said rather drily.

"Do you think so?" queried Esdaile. "I've heard other people say that, or something like it."

"You talk as if you didn't really see the point, Derek, or, seeing it, did not agree with it," said Mabel, "and you are generally so quick-witted."

"I do see it: but Mrs. Gifford isn't foolish," rejoined Esdaile.

Lady Wyndham came to the conclusion that it was she who had been dense when she heard people commenting on Mr. Esdaile's having taken up Mrs. Gifford.

Surely he was not running after that girl, who was a pretty creature, but quite a nobody.

It was all very well to be intensely proud, and to say that birth was everything; but it was not, and at nearly thirty Derek Esdaile ought to know that. He could not be simply amusing himself—it was not in his nature to do that.

"Are you wise?" she said one afternoon, when Esdaile had called upon her with the announcement that he could not stay many minutes, as he was going to Montague Street.

He did not laugh or parry the question; he raised his eyes and flushed slightly.

"I think I am," he said softly, in a tone that alarmed her ladyship.

"But you," she said—"so proud, who only went near Mrs. Gifford because I begged you to do so—now you are making a friend of her, and she will cling to you for ever after."

"No, she won't. Don't you understand, Mabel?"

"I understand that you are thinking of nothing under the sun but winning a smile from dark eyes and a kiss from the sweetest lips in the world. And, when you have these, you will have another thought—that you have sacrificed something."

"No—it is she, not I, who will sacrifice something," he said.

"Her career? Is that what you mean?"

"Partly—not entirely."

"What else, then? What do you mean?"

"That I gain heaven, and she scarcely its counterfeit."

Lady Wyndham could not answer directly; the passionate tone of his voice and the words themselves had touched her. Then she said, in a low voice—

"Is that how you feel? I am not so sure as to the counterfeit. But do you think it quite fair to make use of Mrs. Gifford and then cast her aside? It doesn't seem so to me."

"Because you don't understand her," replied Esdaile. "You called her foolish the other day for doing what you thought was a kindness; and admired as such. It was no kindness at all, unless to herself. She is making use of me, and the child is the medium.

"On that first night Mrs. Gifford saw that I was attracted; she knew how difficult I should find it to see Teresa; so she made a bid for my social countenance by flinging at my feet the opportunities I had been beating my brains to bring about. It isn't Teresa she cares for, but society. I didn't ask her to help me—I am not beholden to her; and I resent the insolence of making such use of Teresa. I don't call myself unfair."

"Nor do I think you are, if you are correct in your surmises," rejoined Mabel; "but are you? I didn't think Mrs. Gifford that sort of a woman exactly."

Esdaile, who had been speaking with some wrath, softened and smiled.

"I dare say not," he said, "you are so apt to see the best side of people. I am more cynical. But you understand now that my dislike of Mrs. Gifford is unchanged; she is simply a self seeker, and I am playing the hypocrite for my own ends."

"Yes—I see; only I think you will find it difficult to throw her off just when you choose. Not that that should deter you or any man from seeking the girl he loves. But there is the girl's position——"

"She comes of a good family; and her father followed the honorable profession of arms. What more can I want?"

"That isn't position, status, Derek; birth is not the sum total."

"I think it is; but the question doesn't seem to me worth arguing. I shall be late if you keep me here any longer," said Esdaile in his usual tone, "and then see what I lose."

"Five minutes of paradise," said Lady Wyndham, with a smile.

As fast as a hansom could take him, Esdaile went to that paradise out of which he scarcely reckoned life worth living. There were no restrictions put upon him by Blanche Gifford; he might come as often as he liked.

It was always intimated to him where she and Teresa were going; under some specious excuse he was given many a moment alone with the girl; he was put by her side at the theatre or concert; he was practically allowed to monopolise her; and it was only his own fine feeling and punctiliousness that made him draw the line at a point which left Teresa unaware of the facilities that were being given to him.

The first time Teresa met Esdaile after she had made her home at Montagu street she was miserable with anxiety.

What would he think of the arrangement? What would he say? Would he—could he think she was bidding too high for Mrs. Gifford's interest, and enduring association with a person with whom she had little in common, for the sake of pushing her own fortunes? Esdaile had very soon set her mind at rest.

"Do you think you will like it?" he had said.

"There are drawbacks; but it seemed best on the whole," replied Teresa.

"I like it, of course!" he said softly—an answer which filled her with a bewildered sense of gladness.

After this they became quite confidential, and she told him about herself and her life. He had heard many a tale of struggle amongst his professional friends, but never one that moved him like this.

On this particular afternoon however Teresa's battle with the world was not their theme, though Blanche had left them to themselves for five minutes. Esdaile crossed the room at once to Teresa's side.

"Now you have had a little time to make up your mind, tell me how you like living here," he said, in those tender tones that always drew out her heart to him and unsealed her lips. But he could not quite unseal them to-day, and her answer did not quite contain the whole truth.

"Very much. Mrs. Gifford is kind and considerate, and I have entire freedom."

"And the drawbacks?" inquired Esdaile. "You said there was some when I first asked you the question. Do they exist still?"

"Did I say there were drawbacks? I don't think I notice any now," said the girl slowly. Her head was bent, she raised it, and went on more brightly, "if there were, I ought not to think of them. Mrs. Gifford says she is so much happier since I have been here."

"Oh, I've no doubt about that," rejoined Esdaile drily. "And you, grateful little soul, are too glad in some sort to repay a service."

Teresa looked at him wistfully; she had not fathomed Mrs. Gifford's motives, and the touch of sarcasm in his tone puzzled her.

Esdaile laid his hand half carressingly upon one of hers, and did not withdraw it, in spite of the girl's changing color and quickly-drawn breath.

"I am right," he said softly, "though I puzzle you. But does your friend keep her part of the compact? I thought you were to reap the benefit of her influential friends. You don't go out a great deal—do you?"

"No," replied Teresa eagerly; "but sometimes I go out with her. You see I have my work to do, and I cannot keep such late hours as she does. Sometimes I hear the carriage come back in the small hours; and then you forget"—smiling archly—"the dress."

"You ought to have everything you want," said Esdaile warmly; then, recovering himself and laughing, he added, "Is all this prudence yours or hers?"

"I don't know," replied the girl; and in truth she did not know exactly how these arrangements had come about. "You mustn't try to make me discontented, Mr. Esdaile—things are very pleasant."

"And I spoil them?"

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed earnestly, and stopped short as he smiled, her eyes dropping.

"I like you to be happy—you know that," he said, pressing her trembling hand, which she now swiftly withdrew from his. For a moment he seemed about to draw her near to him again; but he rose and said, "Come and sing me something before I go."

She went to the piano without a word, and he followed her. She never quite knew how she got through the song, in both hearts there was such a keen exquisite sense of the thinness of the veil between them.

They had not known each other long, but there was little need of words. When he was saying "Good-bye," as he pressed his lips to her hand, the girl's heart seemed to stand still.

As he went down the stairs he thought of what Mabel Wyndham had said to him, bidding him think of position and difficulties. How preposterous, when he had almost turned back for one more look into those brown eyes, another moment of the sweet intoxication her mere presence was to him.

Teresa sat where he had left her, idly touching the keys of the piano with one hand; her heart seemed full, almost to breaking. There was no room in it just now for the misgivings of many a lonely moment when he was not near.

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. GIFFORD was more than content. Derek Esdaile was coming to her house in the most familiar manner, always sure of his welcome, understanding exactly the position given to him, and taking advantage of it.

She was confident that her footing in so-

ciety was gained; the young man could not snub the woman who had made his path smooth for him, and he could do so much more for her married than unmarried, with a house and a mistress at the head of it—a rendezvous of society. Then Teresa, who did not suspect ulterior motives, and who was grateful for kindliness, would be anxious to repay her friend, and would perhaps not take much notice of any suspicions Esdaile might suggest.

It was all very satisfactory; and Blanche had so much confidence in herself that she was not afflicted with misgivings as to the way she performed her part.

If Esdaile saw through her, it was because he was exceptionally quick-witted, not from any mistakes of hers. She saw herself a constant visitor in town, a guest at the Bucks family mansion—a person who could not be shaken off, who must be invited, if not as an intime, as an acknowledged friend.

She had a sense of triumph at having succeeded in a difficult undertaking.

This afternoon, very shortly after Derek Esdaile had left the house, Blanche came quickly into the drawing-room, and Teresa turned from the piano with a start.

"My dear," said Blanche, looking round the room, "is Mr. Esdaile gone?"

"Just gone," answered Teresa, rising. "Do you want him?"

"Yes. What a pity! But perhaps I am not late. Mrs. Davenant has just sent round to offer me her Opera-box for to-night; she cannot go. Only think—she has been robbed of her diamonds! Just found it out, and is too upset to go! She knows you are musical—hopes you will go," Blanche went on, referring to a letter in her hand. "Did Mr. Esdaile say he had any engagement? I wonder if he would come! Just write, my dear——"

"But isn't it short notice?" said the girl, forgetting all about the stolen diamonds and turning towards the writing-table to hide her face. "I mean—suppose he is engaged, there will be no time to get any one else."

"Never mind—we'll chance it! Ask him to bring a friend," said Blanche, "if he likes."

Teresa sat down to indite the first note she had ever written to Esdaile. He had talked of an engagement: but she knew very well that he would put it aside for this. She wrote the note as coming from Mrs. Gifford; but Esdaile would be sure to take it as from the writer.

Teresa chose her prettiest gown for that evening. She had nothing very grand; but her youth and beauty needed few embellishments, and her crown of golden hair would have glorified a much simpler dress than that she wore.

She did not know whether Esdaile was coming; he was out when Mrs. Gifford's servant reached his chambers in Brook Street. During dinner hope and fear reigned alternately in the girl's heart; and when they reached the opera house, she listened eagerly to every sound outside the box door, while she looked over the house and talked to her companion.

Would he come? she kept asking herself, while her heart beat more and more heavily; then it suddenly quickened with a throb that seemed to take away her breath.

Irresistibly she turned her head, and saw Esdaile coming forward and someone with him—she scarcely noticed who. The chair between herself and Blanche had been left vacant, and Esdaile sank easily into it.

The girl knew that he spoke to Mrs. Gifford; she heard him and Blanche laugh, and some strange voice—a man's. Then her hand was in Esdaile's, and a delightful sense of happiness kept her eyes down and brought the warm color to her cheeks. But a few words from him made her raise her eyes.

"I could not keep away," he whispered. "I could not!" He caught but a glimpse of the glad soft eyes, but enough for any man to go to the world's end for. I found your note when I got home," he said, loosing his clasp slowly. "Thank you so much for it."

"But it isn't me you must thank," the girl replied. "It was Mrs. Gifford——"

"But the letter was yours," interrupted Esdaile.

"Oh, yes! I thought you wouldn't be able to come."

"You knew I should come—didn't you—that I shouldn't let anything stand in the way?"

"I wasn't sure," she answered hesitatingly, averting her face.

"No?" Esdaile said very softly.

She was silent, looking down at her flowers.

"Do you know my friend Major Wharton?" said Esdaile presently.

Teresa raised her head and bowed to the Major, who was an elderly man of the type that is not interested in young girls. Beyond a few occasional remarks, he occupied himself with Mrs. Gifford.

Practically the lovers were left to themselves, and to them the evening was steeped in happiness. They were on the threshold of full avowal, every look, tone, and touch almost a confession, the music filling their hearts and drawing them closer together, the silence between them more eloquent than words. He knew that she was looking her loveliest for him.

After the performance, as they were going through the lobby with the slow stream of people, they heard the noise of an excited crowd outside. Mrs. Gifford was in front with the Major, talking and laughing. Teresa looked up at Esdaile.

"What is it?" she asked, not at all alarmed. How could she fear even a real danger with this man by her side?

"I don't know nothing much, I dare say. But you and Mrs. Gifford must wait while I go and see. Did you come in the brougham? Mrs. Gifford sometimes takes a cab."

"We had the carriage this evening."

"I'm afraid it can't get up yet," said Esdaile; "there seems a pretty thick crowd out there. Wharton, can you make out what's the matter?"

"No, I can't," said the Major.

A gentleman near the door, hearing the question, called out—

"The policeman says they've been after a long wanted burglar."

A laugh went through the well-dressed throng waiting in the lobby.

"How disagreeable to be kept here for that!" exclaimed Mrs. Gifford impatiently. "I hope the man is caught!"

Nobody knew for certain, though it was stated that there had been a chase and a scuffle, and some said the man had escaped, others that he had been caught.

Mrs. Gifford and Teresa heard all these conjectures while the men went to look after the carriage, the elder woman annoyed at the delay, and the tones of her voice, as she spoke angrily, becoming rather common; Teresa quiet and patient—for had not Esdaile bidden her wait there?—and amused at the scene around her.

"They'll never get that carriage up!" cried Blanche. "What a time they are! Williams must have come late. Where in the world have those men got to? We had better go, Teresa; the crowd is thinning."

"We shall just miss them," objected the girl; "they told us to wait. They will be back soon."

"Oh, nonsense, my dear; I wasn't told to wait!" said Blanche, laughingly. "I'm going."

"But, Mrs. Gifford, pray wait!" pleaded Teresa, earnestly. "It's such a rough crowd!"

"Never mind; we'll have a cab if Williams isn't able to get at us. You stay here if you like."

But Teresa, though she longed to obey Esdaile, felt that she must not let Mrs. Gifford go alone into the crowd. She thought Blanche very foolish, but she followed her.

What chance, however, had a slim slip of a girl in a crowd of rough men, boys and women?

The crowd was now very dense, but it hemmed her in before she could reach Mrs. Gifford, who fared better, and fought her way through without knowing that Teresa was following. The girl was very frightened, but did not lose her head. If she had only stayed! She had done no good; and Esdaile would miss her—be angry.

"Please make way! Please let me pass!" she kept saying.

No one however paid her any attention, though one or two looked round, and she was afraid of attracting too much attention.

She would get out somehow—he must rely on herself. But the people hemmed her in. A moment later a tall man forced his way through the crowd—not very gently either.

"Confound you! Make way, will you?" Teresa heard in a voice that sent a thrill of terror through her.

The next instant she felt a strong arm about her.

"Why didn't you obey me?" said Derek Esdaile sternly. "The madness of coming out alone!"

His anger had scared the poor child a thousand times more than the crowd had done. She was too flurried and dismayed to think that is sprang from his fear for her. She looked up with appealing eyes, her face crimson, and trembled helplessly. Esdaile clasped her closer to him.

"Sweetheart, forgive!" he whispered, or she thought he did. She was not sure in the confusion and noise.

She did not know how he got her out of the crowd—very quietly, it seemed—she could not think, could only resign herself to him in absolute confidence.

"You are not hurt, are you? Were you very frightened?" he asked anxiously.

"I'm not hurt; I was frightened," she managed to say.

He held her hand, and was hurrying her along the street, where there was only a few ordinary passengers and some stragglers from the crowd.

"Poor child! You shouldn't have been so rash," he said. "Mrs. Gifford has no business to leave you. I left her scolding that coachman of hers for what he could not help. She told me you were waiting; and then I caught sight of you among that rough gang as I was coming to fetch you. Here we are!"

Blanche was still speaking to Williams, and the Major was standing by the carriage door. He opened it, and Esdaile put Teresa inside.

"Come, Mrs. Gifford," he said, authoritatively. "Miss Mambray is here!" Blanche then got into the carriage.

"You foolish girl!" she said, laughing. "You should have stayed where you were. I had no idea you were following me so devotedly. Major, the man wasn't taken, after all. You gentlemen won't come back to supper?"

Both declined—it was late; and Esdaile added, smiling, he thought Miss Mambray ought to be quiet after her adventure. While Blanche was talking to the Major, the young man turned to Teresa, and said, as he shook hands:—

"I am coming to morrow."

She had meant to thank him for his care of her, but the look in his eyes and the soft tone in which he had spoken made it absolutely impossible for her to speak. She did not even answer his "Good night," and went home half dazed.

"Fancy that man getting off, after all!" said Blanch at the supper table. "The police shouldn't have failed. You don't eat, Teresa. Tired? Well, go to bed, my child. A charming evening, wasn't it, except for the escaped burglar?"

Teresa smiled and kissed her, and went to her room.

"Sweetheart, forgive!" was ringing in her ears; and she heard it in her dreams.

CHAPTER VII.

EAGER as Derek Esdaile was to see Teresa, impatient for the early morning hours to pass, so that he could go to her, he nevertheless felt the inevitable touch of misgiving which belongs to a noble love.

There was no cause for it, but it was there, making his heart faint when at last he entered the house. He might feel sure of Teresa, might recall a hundred instances with which to fortify himself; but the putting his assurance to the proof was altogether another thing.

He had asked for her, and he had been shown to her own little sitting-room, which was empty. While he waited every minute seemed an hour. Would she come, or would she be afraid, after last night, and send an excuse?

Presently he heard the door open, and he held his breath as she came in, looking eagerly at her. She moved towards him slowly, with changing color, and did not raise her long-lashed eyes to his face. How could she help being self-conscious after last night?

For one moment, as she closed the door and came into the room, he stood looking at her; then he went swiftly towards her, putting aside her outstretched hand.

"No—not that," he whispered. "Come to me, my darling, my darling!"

He put his arms around her as he spoke, and then pressed his lips to hers, gazing into her eyes until the dark lashes veiled them from his sight.

Teresa made a faint movement at last, drawing her breath hurriedly, and flushing up to the golden curls on her forehead; but he only drew her face against his breast and whispered:—

"You don't want to leave me—you cannot. You knew I loved you; you love me—tell me so!"

The girl trembled and hid her face, scarcely raising it when he drew her to a couch and sat down by her side. She clung to him half bewildered—trying to understand, and only able to wonder whether he wanted her to speak. If he did, he was willing to await her time, holding her softly to him the while, till she raised her head, and said, with bated breath:—

"I can't understand. Yes—I knew; but I didn't know——"

She paused and flushed, and he put back the hair from her forehead and kissed her wondering eyes.

"I'm stupid," she said.

"Darling, no—only bewildered. Try to tell me what it was you didn't know."

"That there could be such happiness."

"My own Teresita!"

Again his lips sought hers and held them long. She repeated the new name in her girlish happy voice.

"Teresita?"

"You were always Teresita to me," said Esdaile—"something to be loved and cherished—my own; and so I must have my own name for you."

"I like it!"

"The name, or its being specially mine?"

"I like the name because it is specially yours," said the girl falteringly, but smiling.

"Sweetheart—— Ah—that reminds me—or this does"—touching her cheek, which had suddenly flushed.

"Last night you never forgave me, and I haven't forgiven myself. It wasn't your fault, and I have only one excuse—that I saw you before I could get to you; and you looked so white and yet so quiet that I was maddened. And you might have got hurt. I was much more frightened for you than you were for yourself, and one is apt to be angry then."

"I don't think it was anger; and, besides, you were right. I ought to have stayed where you told me; but it seemed so horrid to let Mrs. Gifford go alone," said Teresa. "It was stupid, though, because I couldn't do anything!"

"The stupidity was Mrs. Gifford's. She ought to have had more sense, and left the thing to Wharton and me, instead of blaming Williams there and then. But it does not matter now; and you were not frightened when I came—were you?"

"Oh, no—I couldn't be! I only wanted to tell you I was sorry."

"Why didn't you? Too proud, or because I was angry?"

"The last—a little." She hesitated.

"What else, Teresita?"

"What you said afterwards," she replied softly.

"Did that make you so happy?" he asked her caressingly; but she made no reply. "You tempt me, dear," he whispered, as she again hid her face upon his breast.

Presently she looked up at him; she must tell him of those vague scruples of hers that seemed so foolish now. And yet was there nothing in them? But his name would not come to her lips, and he did not seem to notice that she wanted to say something: he was stroking her hair, but paused as at last she took his hand in hers.

"Mustn't I stroke your hair?" he asked. "I can't help it."

"It isn't that—I want to say something."

"And you have been looking wistfully at me the last few minutes, and then find no better way of getting attention than stopping my playing with that wonderful hair of yours! I've got a name, you know."

She flushed, but did not shrink from his tender quizzical smile.

"Yes—but it's difficult—at first," she said; then, quite softly, she whispered, "Derek."

He kissed the little hand that had taken his with a look that made it easier for her to tell him of those foolish fears.

"I want to tell you," she began. "It seems stupid now; and yet I'm not sure. You see, you and I—— You won't laugh at me, will you, or be pained?"

"Dearest, no!"—drawing her closer to him. "Tell me everything—anything. What is it that troubles you? Because I am rich and you poor? I, a somebody and you, in the eyes of the world, nobody? Did you have such thoughts often?"

"Sometimes. No—not often—never when you were with me."

"You couldn't, then, love," said Esdaile—"you couldn't put the faintest shadow between us when we were together. It is nothing else? You won't have such thoughts again, will you?"

"Oh, but there are your friends——"

"Hush! Friends indeed! Never a doubt of me at all, Teresa—at any time?"

"Never a real doubt. I tried at first—tried to be angry—to think you might be trifling, and I couldn't. It was always trust and gladness. Ah, don't make me say so much!"

"I must—I must make you say you couldn't put me out of your heart; couldn't believe a single thing against me! Why

do you blame yourself for the thoughts that come against your will? They might have been true—you did not know anything about me."

"They couldn't have been true of you," said the girl earnestly. "I knew they were not. I wish they had never come to me. I couldn't be at rest till you knew of them."

"You sensitive loving child!" he said, tenderly. "Is that all you wanted to say? Is there nothing else?"

"No, nothing—nothing at all," she said, wonderingly.

"Do you forget how much you give up for me?"

"What do I give up?" she asked, nestling against him. "Do you mean my career?"

"Dear, if you have one regret for it, tell me if you have—I will make it up to you a thousandfold in love!" said Esdaile, with quivering lips. "And even then all the love I can give will be dross to yours."

"Oh, no—no," she whispered—"it's heaven to me! And no one loved me. I was so lonely—till you came and changed it all. All I could do for you—all I could give up would be as nothing for you! All you asked I should do if I hated it before. I should love it because it was for you!"

After that passionate avowal he was silent, thrilled and awed. What a trust to hold—never to disappoint it, never to wrong it!

"Teresita," he whispered brokenly, when he had pressed her to his heart in silence for some minutes, "may I never bring the lightest cloud into your life, this life that you yield to me with such utter trust!"

She put her lips softly to his.

"My life is yours," she murmured, "and yours mine!"

They did not speak again for some time, till Esdaile was obliged to go.

"I have so much more to say," he said—"I don't want to go. I want to keep you here in my arms. You must come out with me this afternoon, Teresita. You haven't any engagement, have you?"

"No—not this afternoon. When am I to be ready, Derek?"

"When am I to come for you, sweetheart?" he returned, smiling. "Make it early, and tell Mrs. Gifford I shall not bring you back till late. I want to take you to my friend Mabel Wyndham. And now I suppose I must let you go. Goodbye, my own darling!" Again and again he kissed her, put her from him, and then drew her back. "After all, that isn't enough," he said.

"For only a few hours," she murmured, her tender dark eyes raised to his.

"Isn't it as hard for you as it is for me?" said Esdaile, smiling. "Confess it is before I let you go!"

She suddenly laid her face against his breast.

"I've only you?" she whispered, with tears in her eyes.

He kissed her eyes and lips and her bright hair, releasing her at last with an effort, and not trusting himself to speak again.

Punctually to the time Teresa had mentioned, Esdaile came to fetch her on that lovely spring afternoon, driving his dog cart. The girl was not quite ready, and, while he waited in the drawing room, Blanche Gifford came in.

"I thought that was your dog cart at the door," she said, shaking hands smilingly. "Warm out, isn't it? Are you driving far to-day, Mr. Esdaile? You like it warm, don't you? I've been out shopping, and I'm dead tired."

"Yes, I like it warm, and I hope to go a good distance. I'm waiting for Teresa," he replied quietly. Blanche, who had sunk into a chair, paused in pulling off her gloves and looked up with a smile.

"Teresa?" she said inquiringly.

Esdaile was smiling too, in a rather cool way.

"It's hard to rob you so soon," he replied, with a faint touch of sarcasm in his tone. "You shouldn't show such rare flowers if you want to keep them, Mrs. Gifford."

"Oh, I don't; I'm very glad—very glad indeed!" exclaimed Blanche. "Dear child! I shall be very sorry to lose her; but, after all, it isn't like losing sight of her altogether. Is that she coming?" she went on, not allowing Esdaile time to reply.

She sprang to the door and met Teresa on the threshold. "My dear," she cried, with a warm embrace, "I can't tell you how delighted I am! There—you needn't color so, though it does make you look prettier than ever—need she, Mr. Esdaile?"

Teresa turned to her lover, whose face wore an expression she did not understand; he was pulling his moustache in a manner that he affected whenever he was sarcastic or amused.

But his eyes softened directly they met hers, though he did not further embarrass the girl by showing that he too thought her color was lovely. He went to her gravely and fastened her gloves for her, talking the while to Mrs. Gifford, and giving Teresa time to steady herself.

A woman such as his hostess, he thought contemptuously, was certain to lack good taste in such matters as this; certainly he would take Teresa away from her as soon as possible.

When they had left the house, he told her that she must give up her teaching and professional singing at once.

"I can do the last, Derek," she said, "but the teaching I can't. People expect notice. I haven't many pupils; I will do all I can indeed, but I must be just and fair."

He bit his lip sharply and muttered that he "hated her to be at other people's beck and call;" but he turned his head and looked at her, and the flush of annoyance died away. They were out in a country road in the neighborhood of Repley, and he put his arm around her.

"My precious child," he said softly, "you are a thousand times too good to me! You only look sweeter than ever because I'm displeased when I've no right to be. But it's all for you. How long must the notice be, dearest? Because you mustn't keep me long, indeed"—glancing into the startled eyes—"I want you all to myself very soon."

This was taking matters into his own hands with a vengeance, she thought. Derek wisely kept silence for a few minutes, then said gently:—

"You'll tell me to-morrow what you can do, and we'll talk it over. I'm going to give you some tea now, and take you back to dine with the Windhams. I sent a message to Mabel, and she will be delighted. And you needn't mind your dress, sweetheart; there'll be nobody there but ourselves. I told Mabel I couldn't lose five minutes of you for the sake of a dinner dress."

Teresa only smiled, and allowed him to lift her down at the country inn. After all, it was very delightful to be taken possession of in this loving way.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE day after Teresa and Esdaile had plighted their troth, every one was talking about two things—the unaccountable disappearance of Mrs. Davenant's diamonds and Derek Esdaile's engagement.

The first of these events was decidedly startling, for the diamonds had gone, and there was not the faintest clue to the thief. Examination proved the servants perfectly innocent, and there was no evidence that any stranger had entered the house.

Blanche Gifford, it seemed, had first heard the news in her friend's letter, and had mentioned it to the Major at the Opera; and probably from thence it spread to clubland and drawing-rooms.

The second event had been expected, but was not the more palatable for that. Derek Esdaile engaged at last, after keeping every one in suspense for so long, and to a nobody! No one had heard of her; and the very house she came from was no guarantee; for Mrs. Gifford was not exactly in society—she was only forcing her way into it.

The worst of it was that this woman would succeed with such an advantage as she had now. This insignificant girl was to be set over the heads of her superiors in position! So much for Derek Esdaile's pride and fastidiousness!

It was true that Lady Wyndham was taking the girl up; but it was impossible to put Mrs. Gifford completely aside. That lady's motives for her apparent kindness were now plain, and the girl, of course, was not such a fool as to refuse a rich man.

There were the Esdaile jewels too—any woman might sell herself for those rare blood-red rubies. She would be the envy of every other woman. And to think that they should be possessed by a girl who could never have worn a jewel in her life, and really was not entitled to wear one.

Yet people could not drop the Montagu Street house; Esdaile was the sort of man to resent any slight to his future wife, and no one wanted to lose him.

It was very wise of Esdaile in the circumstances, people said, to bring about a speedy marriage, and get out of the awkward position he had created; though no doubt Lady Windham was right when she said, or was reported to have said, that Mrs. Gifford had got her foot inside the Esdaile door, and would keep it there.

Teresa lived in a whirl of excitement. The marriage was to take place in three weeks, and there was little time in which to do anything, though the affair was to be as quiet as possible.

With that imperativeness which she had learned to love, the girl was told to spare no expense; and money smoothed the way. Mrs. Gifford quietly stood aside in the matter of the trousseau, and left the task of advising Teresa to Lady Windham.

Teresa was grateful to Blanche for getting her out of a fix, and surprised that Derek maintained his cynical estimate of Mrs. Gifford. Then, too, Blanche had herself anticipated him by suggesting that he should invite the wedding guests. Once more Teresa was half ashamed of her feeling of mistrust, Blanche had so many good points.

One afternoon Teresa reached home after a wearisome round of shopping with Lady Windham, to find Esdaile waiting for her in her little sitting room. The girl ran up to him joyously.

"How long have you been waiting?" she asked. "I didn't know you were coming. It's so nice to see you. I've had such a horrid afternoon!"

"Poor little bride!" said the young man, smiling.

"Ah, it's all very well to laugh at me!" retorted Teresa. "But I do wish somebody else could do the shopping. Sit down and let me kneel by you."

She pushed him into a chair, and threw her hat and gloves on to a table. Esdaile drew her down towards him.

"You want some petting to console you—is that it?" he said, as she leaned her head against his shoulder. "Don't you care for adornments? That's a pity, for I've brought you some."

"Oh, Derek, you mustn't! You are always giving me things!" exclaimed the girl, her eyes glistening. Her lips quivered as she opened the casket he put into her hand. Esdaile held her closer.

"You know I must, darling," he said very softly—"if only to see your face. I think I bring you gifts half to please myself."

She was running her slender fingers through a necklet of pearls, not thinking of them as adornments, but as her lover's gift. She looked up at him as she spoke, and suddenly laid her fair face against his.

"I never know how to thank you," she whispered.

"Dearest, this is thanks," he said, with his lips on her cheek. "I thought I had taught you that."

Presently she raised her dark lustrous eyes to his and exclaimed—

"They are lovely! Fancy me with jewels!" She laughed brightly as she replaced them in the casket.

"But these are nothing to what you will have," said Esdaile.

"What do you mean? I've got plenty, Derek. Didn't I tell you that you were always bringing me presents?"

"These are not presents, but heirlooms; and they weren't bought—they were given to an ancestor of mine a hundred years ago. They are family jewels; and of course they belong to the wife of the reigning Esdaile—as they will be yours, dearest."

"I didn't know," said Teresa.

"No, you little innocent, you never troubled your head whether I could give you every-day gowns or not. You know, as a matter of fact, I could, I suppose; but you'd have gone with me to the world's end if I'd had only a penny to share between us."

She did not answer in words, but only by a smile and a loving pressure of the hand.

"What do you say to Burmah rubies?" continued Esdaile. "A necklet that will change its lights with each movement of that white throat of yours—ear-drops, bracelets—all set in half-barbaric Indian fashion? They've a history, those rubies, and they are said to be something of a talisman, not averting misfortune, but overcoming it; though, faith, sweetheart, the Esdailes will need no talisman when you are one of them."

"How do you know that I may not bring trouble?" said the girl archly, "and there will be all the more need of your wonderful rubies? Have they really a history? Tell it to me!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE most common error of men and women is that of looking for happiness somewhere outside of useful work. It has never yet been found when thus sought, and never will be while the world stands; and the sooner the truth is learned the better for everyone.

Bric-a-Brac.

CURE AND PREVENTION.—Ancient medals represented the goddess Hygeia with a serpent three times as large as that carried by Æsculapius, to denote the superiority of hygiene to medicine, prevention to cure.

BEER BOILING.—Chinatown denizens in New York boil their beer before drinking. They claim that it is the only proper way to drink it. The Chinese are not the only people who boil or heat beer. In Germany beer-soup is quite common. It is also known in France, and is made of grated black bread, sugar, and lager.

FLYING FISH.—A Portland sea captain tells of his sailing in Southern seas where flying fish abound. They would sometimes in their flight in the night come aboard the ship and drop to the deck. He had three cats that, though they were lying asleep below, would hear the sound whenever a fish struck the deck, and would rush up to get it. They distinguished this from all other sounds. The crew tried to imitate it in various ways, but could not deceive the felines.

THE BEAVER.—The beaver is the national emblem of Canada. It appears upon the arms of that country from the time of its first settlement. Its name survives in scores of Canadian rivers, settlements, and miscellaneous land-marks. It has a place in the postage stamps of the Dominion. "Beaver tokens" were issued at one time by the Hudson Bay and Canadian Northwest Companies as tallies for skins bartered from the Indians. They are now among the rarest of numismatic curiosities.

STILL BELIEVED IN.—In some parts of the South-West of England a curious superstition is said to prevail. A hair is taken from a maiden's head and passed through a wedding-ring. The ends are then held by the girl with her first finger and thumb, and the ring suspended a little way from the top of a half-filled tumbler of water. The hand is held perfectly still, but the ring is presently seen to oscillate to such an extent that it chinks against the sides of the tumbler. The number of chinks is said to correspond with the years which will elapse before the girl is married.

FISHING ON THE INDUS.—The folk dwelling on the banks of the river Indus have a curious method of catching fishes. The fisherman swims in a very leisurely way upon the surface of the water, upon which there also floats a large red earthenware pot. Paddling for a moment or two with hands and feet, just to keep himself from going under, he then drops his net down into the stream. Then he draws it in and throws the captured fishes into the jar, after which he again drops his net into the stream. Sometimes the only signs of him are his head and neck, the hold-aloft stick to which the net is fastened, and the neck of the floating pot. When the jar is loaded close on sinking point, his labors for the time being are ended and he returns to shore.

WAR.—On the eve of the outbreak of the Crimean war a country Scot enlisted in the British army, and it was not long before he was sent to the front. Soon after landing upon Russian soil his regiment was engaged in the bloody battle of the Alma. Then it dawned on the raw recruit what warfare really meant, and he retreated as fast as he could to a place of safety. But a mounted officer overtook him and asked where he was going. "Whaur am I gaun [going]?" was the simple but touching answer; "hame, of course, man; this is awfu' wark. They're just killin' ane another owre there." And the poor fellow, who had joined the ranks seemingly without knowing what he might have to do, desired to have no hand in such work. Nevertheless, his knowledge came too late, and he had to go back to kill or be killed with the rest of his mates.

A NEST MADE OF STEEL SPRINGS.—The chief industry of Soletta is watchmaking, and near the workshops there is always plenty of rubbish partly made up of the old springs of watches. On seeing these springs the fancy of a pair of water-wagtails lightly turned to thoughts of nest-building, and the industrious birds constructed their home entirely of the steel springs. In due time eggs were laid and a family of wagtails was reared. After the birds had arrived at that age at which they are able to provide for themselves, the watchmakers secured the singular nest, which measured four inches in circumference, and presented it to the Natural History Museum of Soletta, as an interesting example of the intelligent way in which birds can turn to useful account whatever happens to be within their reach.

HOME LOVE.

BY SUSANNA J.

My heart goes back to an humble home
  Away 'mid the ferny fells;
Now the guelder roses are out like foam,
And the crown imperial's leafy dome
  Is heavy with tremulous bells.

Laburnum and lilac, gold and gloom,
  And the snow white chestnut spires,
And the bountiful hawthorn's drifted bloom,
They lend me the wings of their swift perfume
  To flee where my soul desires.

Over the town that is friendless and bare,
  O'er tower and steeple and dome,
Over great houses and gardens rare,
Over wide forests and pastures fair,
  Till I come to that humble home.

To my home that is hid in the Past's great tomb
  I can go with the scent of the flow'rs,
And pass, by the magic of each perfume,
Through the garden paths and the shaded room
  Where I lived life's happiest hours.

MARRED BY FATE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLORY'S LOVERS," "AN ARCH-IMPOSTOR," "HUSHED UP!" "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," ETC."

CHAPTER XVII.—(CONTINUED.)

SHE put out her hand to gently remove his; but it ended in his fingers closing over hers.

"Oh, Jess, I love you!" he said, as if the words were wrung from him. "I won't torment you any more! I will go away! You shan't see me again——"

Her breath came and went painfully, spasmodically.

"I'll try and forget you—yes, I'll try! There must be some way!" He laughed hoarsely, and something in the laugh, in the look on his face, frightened her.

"Bruce!" broke from her white lips.

He laughed again.

"You shan't be worried by the sight of me any more, Jess. It's good-bye, this time—good-bye for ever."

It was her hand that now closed on his.

"What—what do you mean?" she asked him, with vague alarm and fear.

His eyes sank before hers. How could he tell her that his only way of forgetting her was by plunging into the vortex of dissipation, by drowning the remembrance of her in the slough of a reckless, conscienceless London life.

"Never mind," he said. "What does it matter? What does it matter what becomes of me? Don't pay any attention to my ravings, Jess. Enough that I won't trouble you any more——"

The tears rolled down her cheeks, and the sight of them maddened him.

"By Heaven, I cannot do it!" he broke out fiercely. "Jess you are angel of my life—my good angel. If I give you up, if I lose all hope of you, I shall go to the deuce, at the double. I cannot give you up. You are the light, the life of my life. Tell me—I don't ask you for a promise—but tell me, if I try to forget you and fail, if I find that you and you only stand between me and destruction, you will come to me. Say it, Jess!"

The mad contradiction of his words smote her with a vague fear and dread.

"I cannot promise!" she panted. "You must forget——"

"I cannot. You mean that, rather than go against your father, you will stand by and see me go to ruin!" he said. Then, smitten by sudden shame, his voice broke, and he caught her hand and raised it to his lips.

"Forgive me, Jess! I am raving! I will go away. You shall not be troubled with me again. Good-bye, good-bye!" Then he leant forward and looked into her face, the last look of love's farewell. "Oh, Jess! God help us both!"

He had gone before she recovered from the look, the mad, fevered words; and she woke to the sound of his horse's hoofs as it clattered at break-neck pace down the lane.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BRUCE went up to town the same evening. He had some very good rooms in the little street that leads out of Park Lane—rooms which were worth so many guineas per inch, and so small that he often declared that he was afraid to stretch himself lest he should knock the wall out.

His valet was married to a clever young woman, who had picked up the art of cooking from a former sweetheart—a French chef. Gurdon, the valet, was quick and clever, and devoted to his master, and, take it all round, Bruce was comfortably lodged, and well tended.

A dinner or a supper at his rooms were always little events, and never lacked guests; and Bruce could always give a good hot cup of tea to any ladies who dropped in—of course, properly chaperoned—at the magic hour of five.

Gurdon never knew when to expect his master, and, when Bruce came upstairs, the man scarcely recognized the step; for Bruce was in the habit of coming up two or three at a time, and with a spurt, so to speak; but, on this occasion, he appeared satisfied with one step, and walked slowly and draggingly.

Gurdon was also surprised and much concerned at his master's appearance, and stopped dusting the room to look at him with respectful anxiety.

He knew better than to make any remark at Lord Ravenhurst's pallor and haggard expression, but waited until he got downstairs to his wife.

"Lordship's back, Susan. No; don't want anything to eat. Going to dine at the club. I'm to take up a bottle of Pommery; and, by George, he looks as if he wanted it!"

"What's the matter with him, then?" asked Mrs. Gurdon, who had a great liking and admiration for her husband's master.

"I don't know. But he looks shocking bad. If it was another man, I should say he'd dropped a lot on the last big race; but I've known his lordship drop a pile and never turn a hair, or stop smiling. It might be influenza—but, somehow, I don't think it is.

"He looks as if it was something preying on his mind. Fearfully short, too; and him usually so pleasant and chatty. It was, 'Champagne, and look sharp, Gurdon.' I wonder if him and the earl have had a row? No; that can't be it, either, for they're as fond of each other—as Siamese twins; and the earl never rows with anybody."

But here his lordship's bell rang furiously, and Mrs. Gurdon hurried her husband off with the champagne, remarking—

"His lordship will row with you, anyhow, if you keep him waiting, William!"

Bruce sank into a chair, with his back to the window, and sat brooding there and drinking champagne till it was time to dress.

Then, having dressed, he stood, with his hands in his pockets, looking at the sunset, which could be seen from the window of his sitting-room; but seeing not the glory of the heavens, but the pale face, which, though it belonged to only a little slip of a schoolgirl, was the one face in the world for him.

Then he raised himself, and, with a sigh, went slowly downstairs, and round to his club in St. James'.

Everyone knows the Warwick, but not even its oldest member knows why it is so called. It is a small club, and a select. It is not at all gorgeous, but it makes up in comfort what it lacks in splendor, possesses the second best chef in London, a cellar difficult to beat, and a card room of the snuggest description.

The members play high, though the club is by no means a gambling den, and from four to eight, and from ten to any of the small hours, the card room is well filled.

At this time of the year most of the members are away, and Bruce was not sorry at finding the dining room almost deserted. He looked round, and was making for a table in a corner, when a man looked up from a table on the other side of the room, and nodded.

This man was Mr. Henry Glave, and Bruce was passing on with a nod, when he changed his mind, and took a seat opposite him.

"I'll dine with you—if you are not engaged," he said. After all, though he was not particularly fond of the man, it would be better than sitting alone and brooding. Glave was always amusing, and, perhaps—though Bruce did not think it probable—he might distract his mind, draw it away, if only for an hour or two, from Ravenhurst and Jess.

Henry Glave nodded cheerfully, but not gushingly or enthusiastically—he was too cute to show satisfaction at the proposal.

"All right, do. No, I'm quite alone. Choose, will you! You are a better hand at it than I am," he added, as he handed the menu.

The assertion was not true, for Mrs. Henry Glave could select a dinner with anyone; but it was his way to flatter in a judicious manner when he thought flattery would pay.

There were some members of the club who occasionally asked themselves how Mr. Henry Glave had got into it. For no one knew much about him, and absolutely nothing of his "people" or family. Indeed, it was generally concluded that he possessed neither.

He was one of those men who crop up in society, like mushrooms—no one knows how they happened to come there, but there they are, and there they remain and flourish, though sometimes something happens to them, and they are knocked from their shallow roots, and disappear.

Mr. Henry Glave was one of these fungi. He had started in life as a solicitor's clerk, and he would have been, by this time, struggling for a practice for himself, if an uncle had not fortunately died, and, still more fortunately for Mr. Henry Glave, left his money to his nephew.

Now, in fairness to Mr. Glave, it should be remembered that most young men in his position would have spent the money on a "spree," and sunk back into the drudgery of the lawyer's office.

Mr. Glave was a different kind of young man. He was ambitious. He wanted, above all things, to be a "gentleman." It was too late to think of entering one of the Services—besides, he was not fond of fighting of any kind—so he decided to go to Oxford.

Not that he wanted to learn anything—except the way to make friends with men of better position than himself—but it is supposed—Heaven only knows why!—that a man who has wasted a certain number of terms at a "Varsity" must, in consequence, be a gentleman.

Mr. Glave made friends at Oxford by a very simple process. He was clever and smart in a way, could tell a good story amusingly, and sing a comic song comically; but he did not rely on these useful talents alone.

He knew "another and a better way." Most young men at college want money. Mr. Glave lent it to them readily, and without interest.

This looks generous; but, in fairness to Mr Glave's acuteness, it must be added that he never lent to any but those from whom he was sure of repayment.

After Oxford, he was called to the Bar. Not that he wanted to practise; but, because a barrister—again, Heaven only knows why!—is always supposed to be a gentleman.

While he was eating his terms, he pursued his old game, kept his old friends and made new ones, by the same means he had found so successful at Oxford.

His debtors declared him to be a good fellow; notwithstanding that no one knew whether he had a grandfather or not, they asked him to their houses, put him up at their clubs, kindly and graciously ate his dinners, drove in his private hansom, sailed in his Thames yacht, and borrowed his money.

So Mr. Henry Glave got on. He was supposed to be twice as rich as he really was, was voted "a decent fellow," and an amusing; and was—so he flattered himself—a gentleman.

But there were one or two men—men of exalted rank, of old family, and old fashioned prejudices—who eyed Mr. Henry Glave askance, and regarded him with something approaching suspicion.

They wanted to know who he was, where he came from, and so on; and when no one could answer these simple questions, they were inclined to treat Mr. Glave rather coldly.

They stood aloof, as it were. Amongst these rather particular persons had been Bruce, Lord Ravenhurst.

On his first introduction, Bruce had not liked the look of the man, and had kept him at arm's length, treating him with that excess of courtesy which is worse for the recipient thereof than downright rudeness.

Most men would have resented this coldness, and, no doubt, Mr. Glave did, but he took care not to show it. He bided his time; never made any advances, and never toadied his man! but he made friends of Bruce's friends, and kept his eyes open.

He had great command of his features, and was a master of "manner;" in fact, he was so good an actor that he could have made his way upon the stage; but he preferred to be a "gentleman," and confined himself to playing in amateur theatricals at great houses, with lords and ladies for fellow actors, and an audience in which there was nothing but "stalls."

Being so good an actor, he was able to conceal from Bruce the fact that he hated him with a deadly hate. There was nothing in the whole range of malignancy like to the hatred which your man from the gutter feels for the true gentleman and aristocrat, whom he envies, loathes—and imitates.

Everything comes to him who waits, and an opportunity of being of service to Lord Ravenhurst came to Henry Glave. To put the matter shortly, Bruce had backed a certain horse called Starlight.

He believed in him, and backed him heavily, and stood to win or lose a large sum. The horse was a general favorite, and was looked upon as certain to win.

The night before the race Bruce was somewhat surprised at receiving a visit from Mr. Glave. A Ravenhurst was not capable of receiving a visitor with anything but courtesy; but—well, Bruce was cold, and, though Mr. Glave affected not to notice the chilliness of his reception, he inwardly fumed and burnt, and made a note of it.

"I must apologise for calling on you at this late hour, Lord Ravenhurst," he said, in his best manner—grave and self-possessed; "but I have just received some information which I think will be of service to you. Thanks, I will not sit down—I have an engagement, and can only remain a few minutes. You have a large sum on Starlight—I have heard you say so."

"Yes," said Bruce. "That is true, Mr. Glave." He called him "Mr.," as he would have done his tailor, trainer, or solicitor. Not "Glave" only, as he would have called an equal, and "Mr." Glave's hate again rose within him, and had to be thrust down.

"Well, Lord Ravenhurst, I have information that the horse will not be run to win to-morrow. I can scarcely tell you from whence I got my knowledge; but I can assure you that it is absolutely reliable. Starlight will come in a bad second or third."

There was something convincing in the man's manner and voice, and Bruce looked at him steadily.

"No; I won't ask you how you know," he said. "I will take your word for it, Mr. Glave, and I will hedge to-morrow morning. I am exceedingly obliged to you."

Mr. Glave inclined his head and smiled as he said—

"Not at all. I am sure you would do as much for me, Lord Ravenhurst."

"Quite right," assented Bruce. "I should always do my best to save a man from being robbed. I thought the horse was going to be run on the straight. Are you sure?"

"Quite sure," returned Mr. Glave, quietly. "Good night, Lord Ravenhurst," and without offering his hand, or giving Bruce time to offer his, he left the room.

The next morning Bruce hedged. He might have laid against the horse, and stood to win on the information he had so strangely obtained; but he was too honest for that, and was content to save himself—which shows that Bruce, with all his faults was, at any rate, too good for the turf.

The race was run, Starlight came in third, and Bruce was saved a loss which would have very nearly broken him.

Of course he was grateful to Mr. Glave, and, the next time he met that gentleman, he tried to get an opportunity of expressing his sense of the obligation; but Mr. Glave was too wary.

He seemed to actually avoid the man he had rescued, and when Bruce at last found an occasion on which he could try to express himself, Mr. Glave cut him short with a smile and a wave of the hand.

So much for act the first. Mr. Glave still waited, and presently another opportunity of serving the man he hated cropped up.

Amongst Bruce's numerous friends was a young fellow named Oswald Desmond. He was a "mere boy," full of life and high spirits, and a general favorite, and was called Ossie by old and young alike.

His affection for Bruce was that of a younger brother, and Bruce returned the lad's liking with interest. There was the fullest confidence between the two, and Ossie was always in possession of the state of Bruce's finances.

They were, at a certain period, some months before this story opens, at a lower ebb even than usual, and Ossie, over a quiet dinner with Mr. Glave at the club, let out that Bruce was nearly "stone broke."

To the lad's surprise, Mr. Glave quietly offered to lend him a large sum of money to lend to Bruce, "On the understanding and condition, mind, Desmond, that Ravenhurst is never told where the money comes from."

Ossie stared.

"But, my dear fellow, Ravenhurst knows I've never got any 'oof!'" he exclaimed.

"Tell him—let him think you have had a spell of luck, backed the right horse, been left a small pile by an aged aunt. Tell him, let him think, what you like; but take the money, Desmond, and do your chum a service."

"But—but," protested the lad, "why do you want to lend it to him? It's awfully good-natured of you, and all that, but, dash it, I don't see where you come in, don't you know!"

Mr. Glave smiled.

"I'm afraid you'll laugh, Desmond; but I happen to have taken a liking to your friend Ravenhurst, I should like to be of service to him.

"Oh, it's a whim, just a whim, and, of course, you'll think me out of my mind; but never mind. Just let me know how much—or how little—will do, and I'll give you a cheque to-morrow."

He did so; Bruce was pulled out of the mire for the hundred and twentieth time, and was full of gratitude to Ossie—so full, that the lad could not endure it, and, of course, let out the truth.

Bruce went red, then pale, when he heard that he was indebted to Mr. Henry Glave and not to Ossie, and used language to that ingenious youth quite unfit for publication.

He also sought Mr. Glave, and, in cold and somewhat haughty accents, wanted to know what Mr. Glave meant by it.

Mr. Glave shrugged his shoulders.

"Lord Desmond ought not to have told you," he said; "but, since he has done so, I can only say that it is quite true that I found the money, and that I should have offered it to you, if I had not felt quite certain that you would resent it. I'm afraid you think I have been guilty of impertinent intrusion"—Bruce did not contradict him—"and, perhaps, I have. But, Lord Ravenhurst, if the money has really been of service to you, I shall not mind your hard thoughts of me. Honestly, I have got a lot of satisfaction out of the affair."

"But I cannot pay you—now, Glave," said Bruce, dropping the "Mr." for the first time—whereat Mr. Glave smiled to himself.

"All right. I don't want the money, and I can wait until you can. It's no odds."

Bruce went away, liking the man no better, mark, but bound to admit that he had behaved with even Quixotic generosity and kindness.

He paid Mr. Glave a portion of the debt, and—well, anyone can fill in the rest. You can't continue to hold at arm's length a man who has twice befriended you in the most substantial manner, and yet carefully refrains from forcing himself upon you; and so, Bruce, Lord Ravenhurst, and Mr. Henry Glave became friends.

That is to say, Bruce persuaded himself that he had misjudged and underestimated the man, and he, Glave, was pleasant and friendly with Bruce—and hated him worse than ever.

He knew all Bruce's affairs as well, perhaps better than Bruce knew them himself. Knew all about his connection with Deborah Blunt, and certainly more about that lady than did Bruce, who had no idea that Glave had even made her acquaintance.

Little did he guess, as he examined the menu, that Mr. Glave was aware of Jess' existence, knew her name, and was resolved to discover everything relating to Bruce's engagement.

In short, if anyone had said to Bruce, "This man, who sits opposite you, with the pleasant smile, hates you like poison, is even to this moment longing to stick a large-size dinner-knife into you, and, not being able to do so, in the present unnatural state of society, is secretly watching and waiting for an opportunity to utterly ruin you, body and soul," Bruce would have laughed, and gone on choosing the dinner, in utter scorn and incredulity.

The dinner was ordered and begun, and Mr. Glave commenced to amuse and entertain his companion. He had all the gossip of the clubs and drawing-rooms at his finger-ends, and he related it in the easiest and most effective manner.

But Bruce was not easy to entertain. He was absent-minded and moody, and now and again Glave found that Bruce was not even listening. Then he went on another tack, and talked turf. Bruce woke up for a time, then grew moody and abstracted again.

"I shall sell my horses," he said, rather abruptly.

Mr. Glave affected surprise.

"Really! That's a pity, isn't it? You've one or two good things, haven't you?"

Bruce nodded.

"I think so; but I shall sell, all the same."

"Tired of it?"

Bruce was too honest and downright to accept the pleasant suggestion.

"No; can't afford it," he said, laconically.

"Bad time to sell, now," said Glave, thoughtfully. "I don't know whether you care for a partner, Ravenhurst,"—he eyes Bruce watchfully—"but if you don't object, I don't mind going halves with you in the stable."

Bruce shook his head.

"Thanks, all the same," he said. "It's very good of you; but—well, the fact is, I can't afford even the half. They'll have to go——" He paused and filled his glass.

Now, be it understood that Bruce was not a "Drinkist."

He could take his share at most times, but he always stopped well on the right side of the line; but, to-night, it must be admitted, he had allowed the waiter—and Glave—to fill his glass too frequently.

"The fact is, Glave, I am stone-broke, and I've got to pull up, pull up short."

Mr. Glave pricked up his ears. This did not sound as if Lord Ravenhurst were going to restore the Clansmere fortunes by marrying an heiress. Had anything gone wrong? What had happened?

"I'm awfully sorry," he said, and said no more then, but changed the subject, and ordered another bottle of champagne.

"No more for me," said Bruce; but, in the course of conversation, Mr. Glave filled his friend's glass again.

Bruce pushed his glass away presently, the dinner came to a conclusion, and the two men adjourned to the smoking room.

It is one of the most comfortable in London—quiet, snug, and cosy; and Bruce leant back and smoked a huge cigar, and tried to listen to Glave's amusing chat, and to forget Jess. But he could not. His heart was full, and—what was worse—his brain was clouded by the wine.

Mr. Glave watched him.

"Heard about young Grandison?" he asked.

"No; oh, I suppose you mean that he has gone to smash," replied Bruce. "Poor devil!"

"Not a bit of it," said Glave, with a laugh. "He was up a tree, and a lofty one; but he is all right now. Going to marry old Goldpath's daughter—Goldpath, the millionaire, you know."

Bruce nodded.

"Lucky young beggar, continued Mr. Glave. "By-the-bye, Ravenhurst, there was a rumor that you—were going in for the matrimonial stakes," he ventured in a casual way.

Bruce's face darkened, and he smoked furiously.

"Rumor lies," he said, curtly. Then he sighed. "I am not going to marry, now," he said, almost to himself.

"I beg your pardon for mentioning it——"

"There's no need," said Bruce with a sigh. "The fact is——" No, he could not speak of his love and his ruined hopes, least of all in a club smoking room. "No, I shall never marry," he went on, after the pause. "That's a certain thing."

"What will you do, then? But I hope things are not so bad as you think."

"They couldn't be worse," said Bruce, gloomily. What shall I do? I'll tell you!" He sat up, with a flush on his face, a resolute look in his eyes. "I'll get into some service abroad."

He lit another cigar, and reached for the iced brandy and soda which Mr. Glave had considerately ordered—but did not drink—and his hand trembled slightly.

"By George, it's come to me like a flash of lightning! I can't get back into our own service; but I can volunteer for some of the rows that are going on abroad."

Mr. Glave, from the corner of his pale eyes, watched him.

"That's true," he said. "There's the Cape and Abyssinia, and several other places where a cavalry man would be more than welcome; but I hope it won't come to that, Ravenhurst!"

"Why not?" demanded Bruce, sharply. "What is the use of my sticking here? I'm sick of it all! I shall be glad to get out of it. Why didn't I think of it before?"

"Perhaps there wasn't so much reason for your thinking of it?" suggested Mr. Glave.

"No," assented Bruce, with a long breath. "Everything was bright enough a few days ago! But now everything is changed! Never mind that, though. Yes; I'll enter some of the irregular corps out there. Glave, you know everything; help me, will you?"

Glave nodded gravely.

"I'll find out the best thing," he said. "That is, if you are serious."

"I am serious," responded Bruce, almost fiercely.

"And when?" began Glave; but Bruce cut in more quietly.

"At once; as soon as possible."

"And you prefer roughing it with a lot of half-drilled ragamuffins to matrimony?" said Glave softly.

Bruce nodded and looked back at him almost angrily.

"I have told you," he said. "I shall never marry. That's final. 'Yes! I'll get a berth abroad, somewhere where there's a chance of a scrimmage; and perhaps I shall have the luck"—'to find a stray bullet," he was going to say; but he checked himself, and looked round with a sigh, and that peculiar restlessness which misery and champagne are certain to produce.

Glave rose.

"Let us have some ecarte," he said, and led the way into the card-room.

Late that night—or, rather, early the next morning—Mr. Glave accompanied Lord Ravenhurst to Park Lane, saw him safely housed, and then turned homeward.

But, at the end of the street, in Chelsea, in which his rooms were, he paused, and turned down towards the river. It was a fine night, and the much-maligned, but still majestic, Thames flowed bravely beneath a clear moon.

Mr. Glave got as far as Westminster Bridge, and stood there, leaning against the parapet, and looking into the river.

His brain was hard at work, and he was going over and over again the few pregnant words Bruce had spoken.

"The match is off, for some reason or other," he murmured to himself. "And he means to go. After all, it's the best thing he can do—the fool."

He took a few steps, and then leant over the bridge, again thinking of Bruce, Deborah of the Miss Newton—the girl Lord Ravenhurst was, after all, not going to marry, and striving to hit upon some way of gratifying his hate.

"As likely as not, he'll get shot or die of some fever, and there will be an end of my Lord Ravenhurst," he muttered. "I wish I had the shooting of him. How mad Deborah will be when he gives her the slip."

He laughed at the thought.

"Anyhow, he will be free of her. He was not such a fool as to marry her——"

He repeated this to himself once or twice; then, suddenly, the germ of an idea sprang into his mind.

It was only a germ, a suggestion, one of those nebulous freaks of the imagination which are born in active brains like Mr. Glave's.

He walked on quickly to the end of the bridge, then came back slowly, his head bent, his teeth gnawing softly at his lips, his eyes glancing this way and that.

He was thinking hard. Thinking as the inventor thinks, who is running an idea to the ground; and, suddenly, the germ expanded into a scheme, a plot, which, for an instant, seemed so wild, so improbable, that he laughed aloud, but softly.

Then, as he mentally caressed the thing, it grew more plausible and probable, and suddenly he stopped, and struck the coping with his hand.

"I will, I'll do it! I'll risk it!" he muttered, and there was so vivid a flush upon his usually pale face, so strange a light in his faintly colored eyes, that a policeman who had been watching him from the other side of the road, crossed over.

"Now then, sir," he said, gruffly. "Better be getting home."

But Mr. Glave, instead of being offended, stared at the constable as if he did not see him, then smiled, and, with a nod and a short laugh, said pleasantly—

"Quite right, Robert! Yes, I'll go home." And, with the smile still on his face, he walked briskly away.

CHAPTER XIX.

IT is wonderful how Satan helps his servants. Bruce, all unconsciously began to help Glave in his plot right away.

He woke the next morning with a burning head and that sense of misery which a man deserves who has drunk not wisely, but too well, the night before.

He was not only miserable, but reckless and desperate; for that was the way with the Clansmeres; and they were too strong to be cast down by adversity, and trouble only roused the spirit of defiance, and the desire to forget that trouble in action.

If Bruce had been a working man, he would have sat down to his profession and drowned his sorrows with work; as he had nothing in the world to do, he flew at once, and of necessity, so to speak, to what is called pleasure.

It is not an agreeable task to relate this epoch in Bruce's life, but the reader has got to take him for better or for worse; and there is no denying that just now Bruce was at his worst.

All the good resolutions of which he had spoken to Jess, there by the river, were forgotten or wilfully thrust aside; he had lost her, and what did it matter whether he were good or bad, or what became of him!

There was a race meeting that day, and he went down to it. Some of the fastest of his set were there, and he was welcomed enthusiastically.

He appeared to be in the wildest spirits, he betted heavily, he drank freely, he talked and laughed as if he had not a care on his mind, and was utterly reckless. Glave was there, and Bruce greeted him cordially.

Glave attached himself to him, made himself remarkably pleasant, and whenever Bruce was inclined to fall into a fit of moodiness roused him and kept him going.

Bruce won a little money, and the party returned to town on a four-in-hand, belonging to one of its members, in most hilarious spirits. A day thus begun could only have one ending.

Dinner at the club was followed by a visit to the Empire, which, in its turn, was succeeded by cards, continued until an exceedingly late hour.

Bruce played recklessly, and still won. Mr. Glave backed him, and was close at his elbow all the night, and, without seeming to do so, watched him closely; studied him, would, indeed, be the better word.

He noted Bruce's way of carrying himself, listened intently to the tones of his voice, repeated, inaudibly, little phrases and tricks of speech which Bruce was given to; even took a mental note of the color of Bruce's hair, and the way it was parted. If he had been going to paint his picture, he could not have studied him more carefully.

When the evening was finished, and Bruce, hot and flushed, with restless eyes, and that look which a man wears when he is off his balance, rose to go, Glave remarked casually, that if Bruce were inclined to walk home he would go with him.

The two men left the club arm in arm; Ossie, Bruce's own particular friend, would have accompanied them, but Bruce, obfuscated as he was, would not permit it.

"You go home; it's late," he said; and he and Glave went on alone.

On their way, Glave chatted about nothing in particular for some time, then he said, as if he had just remembered it—

"Oh, about that idea of yours last night, Ravenhurst, was it all moonshine, or were you serious?"

Bruce put his hand to his head, and looked at him absently.

"I mean about your obtaining some service abroad."

"Yes, I was serious," replied Bruce; "I told you I meant it. What the deuce else is there for me to do? Why do you ask?"

"Oh, because I think I can help you," said Glave. "I've a friend out in Africa, who is high up in the Border force there. He'd give you a commission sharp enough; in fact he'd be only too jolly glad to get you. You see, you're rather a distinguished soldier, and cut out for their line of business."

Bruce looked at him eagerly.

"You think he'd have me?" he said. "Is there any chance of fighting?"

"Sure he'd have you," responded Glave; "and there's certain to be fighting over there presently, and if they are not at it already; there's always some kind of a scrimmage going on, and you can get plenty of amusement; for, I suppose, it would be amusement to you. I don't care for fighting myself, don't understand it."

"I'll go if there's a chance of work," said Bruce. "I'm sick of hanging about here; I want something to occupy my mind, and fighting's about the only thing that would suit me. When could you manage it, when could I go?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IF we try to please everybody, we shall soon have the respect of nobody.

WINTER DAYS.

BY I. P. D.

Ye autumn days, we mourn thy loss,
  Thy glories all are vanished;
Thy tinted woods and gardens gay,
  By Winter's coming banished.
The north-wind rages 'mid the trees,
  (The trees he's just been robbing,)
Now shrieking loud as if in pain,
  Now moaning—sighing—sobbing.

The dull gray sky, a giant sieve,
  White feathery flakes are sifting,
They're softly covering o'er the leaves
  That in the paths are drifting.
Yon merry brooklet's voice is hushed,
  The ice-king's breath hath chilled it,
And now my fairest rose lies dead—
  Jack Frost's cold kiss hath killed it.

Oh! dreary, cheerless winter days,
  We long for thy swift going
With all thy rude and boist'rous train
  Thy freezing and thy blowing.
Thy ways are cold and comfortless,
  No birds are gayly singing—
Thy skies are overcast and dark,
  A pall of sadness flinging.

Yet some may praise thy frigid charms—
  May like their chill completeness,
And e'en prefer thine ice and snow
  To summer bloom and sweetness;
But freely would we barter thee
  For days of tropic splendor—
For singing stream and leafy wood,
  And sunlight warm and tender.

To What Pity is Akin.

BY J. M. Y.

AT THE foot of one of those flat topped mountains peculiar to Africa, under the shade of a broad-leveled tropical tree, sat a young, slender girl of about nineteen.

What beauty she possessed lay chiefly in a delicate fairness and refinement; her expression was gentle, timid, as one soon startled; her dress was a plain, not altogether well fitting one, of black, relieved by no color save the white little hands, the throat, and the golden masses of hair. To the left, about a hundred yards back, was a group of small wooden dwellings, forming a tiny settlement in the wilderness.

The girl's eyes were swollen and pink with the shedding of many recent tears. One now and again still rose and hung on her lashes until she brushed it away.

After awhile a woman leaving the settlement came towards her, sat down by her side, took her hand in her own, and said, kindly:

"Mary, dear, we have been talking and consulting, and we have decided it is best for you, for your future, that you should not stay here now your dear father has been called from you." The girl covered her face and began to sob. "Friendless you are not here, but you have no relations. You have in England. We are sorry to let you go, dear, but you are not made for this rough life any more than—he was. What do you say, Mary?"

"That you are right. It is best that I should go. I am useless, I can do nothing, while I have an aunt in England who may love me for my father's sake."

"Until she learns," patting the girl's hand, "to love you, darling, for your own. It will not be long before she does. Had you been another sort of girl, Mary, we who love you, would say stay here. It's a rough life, but honest.

"As it is, your education fits you for higher things—at least a more cultured existence. Mary, your father was a scholar, it was madness his casting his lot with ours."

"Yet he did his part," exclaimed the girl, resenting any blame reflected upon her dead parent.

"More than his part. It is the high-bred horse that does its duty until it drops. Will you come in, dear? They would like to speak to you."

Wearily the girl arose, and together they returned to the settlement.

Morton Charteris, a scholarly man, who from no other cause than inability to fight his way, fearing to become one of those who "go to the wall," while the fittest survive, had, some three years previously, cast his lot with others who had settled in Africa.

A widower with one daughter of, he feared, delicate constitution, he had built much upon the life in the open air, the dry climate, and an existence not cramped by conventionalities.

But upon one thing he had failed to reckon—the weak so rarely do, mistaking will for muscle—his total inability for manual labor.

That same will had maintained him for some while, then—there had been a sudden collapse, a failure of the heart's action, and Morton Charteris was laid to rest in the African land, leaving Mary alone.

All in the settlement were her friends, but it was by no means a thriving settlement, and taking it into grave consideration, it had been deemed best for the girl to realize what she could from Morton Charteris' belongings, and return to the old country where dwelt her aunt, Mrs. Stanhope, her father's sister.

In the old land she might make use of the advanced education she possessed, for Morton Charteris had delighted in teaching Mary those scholarly branches in which he would have guided a son had one been granted him.

When her father's belongings had been disposed of, the amount realized was small, notwithstanding that they had realized well for "the orphan's sake."

Then Mary gathered her own little effects together, and started in a bullock-wagon to the coast, under the care of Stephen Mekthorp, who had undertaken to see her safely on board, en route for England.

It was a trying moment to poor Mary, facing the vast—vast, to her—unknown world, alone. If this were so when she turned her back on the settlement, how much greater was it when she found herself on board once more the big ship on the great waters, Africa receding from her view, Stephen Mekthorp but a speck, and not a friend near, nor for the moment any she would wish to make such? for Mary's finances had only gone to second-class; scarcely that, but no one in the settlement would have let the gentle, timid girl go steerage, while Stephen Mekthorp had interviewed the captain, laid the case before him, and asked him to see no harm came to her.

Now it so happened that on this trip there was a very rowdy set in the second-class. Drinking and cards going all day nearly, and until the lights were ordered out at night. Mary shrunk away pale and frightened into a corner, anxious for the darkness, then for the day.

When on deck she sat apart, gazing northward, sadly tried, and anxious in thinking of what awaited her there.

Every day she got thinner, more hollow cheeked, until the doctor, a kind-hearted man, who had never caused suffering to human being or animal in his life, had a conversation with the captain, when, save for meals, Mary was given the privilege of coming on the first-class deck.

Very timidly she availed herself of it, and soon found, if better in station, the passengers were very little so in behavior.

The captain, king of the vessel, had every right to do what he pleased, they supposed, in regard to it and the passengers, but his authority did not extend to making them more than patronize this second-class importation.

From that patronage Mary shrunk almost as much as from the talk and rowdy behavior of the others.

Some stared, some of the men ogled the timid girl until at times Mary stole back over the border line of sociality, and prayed the journey were ended, or she were ended herself. Not a friend had she to say one kind word, to cheer her, to address her as an equal. Wait.

One afternoon, when the second-class were more noisy than usual, possibly owing to the heat, for they were nearing the line, Mary came aft, and taking her usual seat as retired as possible, began to read.

But her thoughts soon wandered; the bitter uncertainty of her future; of what her reception would be by the only relation she possessed, weighed on her. Her eyes turned wistfully towards the north, and they swam in tears. Her father seemed better off than she.

Then she started, and looked up, a faint pink suffusing her cheek, for a voice, frank, pleasant, with a ring of sympathy her craving heart detected, as swiftly as a starving dog the vicinity of food, had addressed her.

"A lovely day, is it not? Awfully hot, though. But we are going ahead capitally."

It was a first class passenger, a young fellow of about eight and twenty, dressed in a costume suited to the tropical heat, but of plain, almost rough description.

His face was well featured, with something of the ingenuous, light-heartedness of the boy, the grave inner, reflective depths of the man. The hair was nut brown, the eyes of a golden hazel.

There was something at that moment so very kind and attractive in those eyes to the lonely girl, that a glad, grateful light leaped into her own, and she answered:

"Yes, so the captain told me; but," her voice fell a little, "it seems very long, nevertheless."

"You are so much alone. You have been ill, perhaps? or had trouble?"

The tears came with a rush to Mary's eyes, and overflowed.

"Pardon me," ejaculated the young fellow, deeply penitent. "Pray forgive my thoughtlessness. I have aroused sad memories. You have lost someone who is dear?"

"My father," murmured Mary, in a low tone. "His grave is in Africa. I am leaving it to see if I may find friends in England. I may not one, for—I am poor, and that makes so much difference."

Perhaps it was unintentionally, but her glance strayed to the lady passengers, some of her own age, seated on deck-chairs, working and reading, about the deck.

"I see," smiled the young fellow, "you know the world. But for the very reason we know it, we must not mind it."

Then, possibly thinking it wise such a topic should not be continued, he referred to the book she was reading, and so drifted off into other channels.

The time was running on, when the captain appearing in sight, her companion moved away.

"Please remember, Mr. Poingdestre, that young lady is under my special care," remarked the captain, smiling.

"She will come to no harm through me, captain."

"I am aware of it, or I should have interrupted you before. Still, she is a gentle, lonely, sensitive little thing, and—well," with a merry twinkle, "there are many less good looking than you. You understand?"

"Nonsense, captain. Someone must speak to her. If the women will not, we must."

"Well, no; I think not. Get the women to."

"I can't. I wish I could."

Talking to her himself was not the way to do it. There were few young men on board; the officers were all married, so it came about Mary was more tabooed than ever.

More scornful or cold glances were shot at her; more of those petty insults, of which the average woman alone is capable, leveled.

"Upon my word, it's too bad how your sex treats that young girl," remarked John Poingdestre to a lady passenger of middle age, one evening on deck. "I can't understand it."

"Because you are a man. If she were of your sex you would understand."

"No, by Jove! Men are more generous."

"Thank you. If we do not care for her acquaintance, you men make up to her for it."

"That's untrue, because she'll not let them try."

"Only you are favored, Mr. Poingdestre," with a meaning laugh. "You should be proud of your conquest, I'm sure. Her thin, pale face grows quite animated when you approach."

John Poingdestre flushed to the roots of his hair. He knew it was true.

"How Christian you women can be. You make men desperate," he exclaimed. "I often wonder Judas Iscariot's work was not done by a woman."

"Mr. Poingdestre!"

"I said you made men do desperate things, and say them, too," he laughed, moving away. "You have proved it."

"My dear mamma," said the lady's daughter, taking his place, "if you go on in this fashion you'll drive him away altogether."

"No bad thing either. A very low bred young man. He knows his right level."

"That would not matter if there were more to flirt with on board, but there aren't. Janet says that the second-class sounded far more lively."

"Are you talking of Mr. Poingdestre?" asked the captain, coming up.

"For want of a better subject," replied the lady. "Do you know who he is? A commission agent, or——"

"A member of the Self-Admiration Society?" giggled the daughter.

"That is about it," laughed the captain. "A prig, isn't he? Can you ladies keep a secret?"

What woman ever lived who owned she could not. Three heads were bent nearer together.

Two days after that, John Poingdestre, meeting the lady on the deck, said, pleasantly:

"Mrs. Arville, did I not say women can make men do desperate things? I have asked Miss Charteris to be my wife, and she has consented."

"You! Well, I never! You are mad, Mr. Poingdestre! I should imagine she has!"

That same evening they reached Gravesend. Love, like influenza, often takes us unawares. So it had come to Mary Charteris.

From the gratitude she experienced at John Poingdestre's addressing her, grew swiftly his forming a portion of her dreams, to a lighter heart during the day, and an eager desire to seeing him again with the question ever on her tongue, "Will he come? Shall I see him? Will he come?"

And he always did come. Just for a brief space at first, then for longer, defiant of the captain's approach. And then, Mary never very clearly understood how it came about, but he had asked her to be his wife.

His wife! What an electric tremor ran through her. Had she heard aright? She, who had deemed herself one of the most miserable of girls—could it be she was among the happiest? She, who had felt so alone, was the whole universe filled with companionship and love?

How modestly, how full of truthful passion her eyes had sparkled, as lifting them to his face a moment, she had answered:

"I love you! How could I help it? You are so good."

From that instant the world was Paradise.

John Poingdestre saw her on shore at Gravesend, and safely into the train to Belstead, Suffolk, where her aunt resided, noting well the address.

"I hope they will receive you kindly, dear," he remarked, as he held her hand; "but remember it is only for a time. Soon I'll fetch my little wife."

Then the guard cried, "Stand back," the train throbbed and shrieked out of the station, and they were separated.

* * * * * *

"I'm sure, Mary, it is a very good thing you have got a young fellow to love and take care of you. I really don't know how you would have got on here in England, where Ralph says everything is congested—a hundred applicants or more after one place.

Times are bad for everybody. Ralph finds it hard enough to make both ends meet, I can tell you. It's the children—they are so expensive. I ask myself at times if life's worth living? I should have thought you far better off—at least Ralph thinks so, from what he has heard of it, in Africa."

So Aunt Stanhope, in fretful, depressed tones, as she nursed the fifth arrival. She had received Mary by no means unkindly, but the Juggernaut of the Great City—the fever of living and striving to keep one's head above water, and live as one's neighbor appeared to—had her already in its grasp, and the cry often did arise, as it does to others. "Is life worth it?

Mary compressed her lips; the arrow seemed to enter her soul. She made no retort, for she knew her aunt did not mean it as unkindly as it sounded, but it was hard to bear. She knew, too, that her aunt was but the mouthpiece of her husband, which made it yet harder,

"Indeed, if it had been thought so, I would have reminded aunt," she replied; "but the conclusion was quite the contrary. I had no friends beyond the settlement where I could do nothing, while here I had—a relation."

Perhaps, unconsciously, she laid a slight bitter stress on the last word. Mrs. Stanhope, hushing the fretful fifth, did not fit the cap.

"As to relations, I don't think they are much good nowadays," she exclaimed. "Ralph's do not help him a bit. I am sure they might; and I know they could."

"Dear aunt," said Mary, "indeed I would not be a burthen upon you. That was never my intention. I can work, and am willing to. Already I would have begun to look for something to do, only—only—I don't think under—under the circumstances, I ought, do you? I have to consider John now."

She spoke with modest hesitation; a blush rose to her cheek.

"Oh, child," to the fretful fifth, "do be quiet. You worry out my life. I really, Mary, don't know whether to congratulate you or not, upon the chance of marriage. It's all very well if there's money; but just see me, looking ten years older, I am sure, than I am. By the way, you have not told me what Mr. Poingdestre is? I hope he is well-to-do, and can keep you nicely."

A startled expression came into Mary's face as that of one who suddenly recollects an important matter previously for-

gotten. "I—I don't know what he is, aunt. He never told me," she said.

"You don't know? He's little better than a stranger to you!" cried Mrs. Stanhope. "Why, whatever do you mean? Engaged yourself to one you know nothing of, Mary?"

"It—it was very silly of me not to ask, aunt," nervously; "but he was so nice, and a gentleman."

"Gentleman! A cloak for any scoundrel. Write at once to him, my dear, and ascertain. Where does he live?"

"I—I'm afraid I don't know that either," replied poor Mary.

"What, you are only aware of his name, which may be false, and that he was a fellow passenger?"

"I—I fear, aunt, that is all I am aware of," tremulously. "It was very foolish I did not ask. I ought to have done."

"He ought to have told you, had he been honorable."

"Honorable?" Mary, all flushed, spoke quickly enough now. "I am sure he is that, aunt. I would never believe wrong of him never."

"Then why doesn't he write, Mary? Three days you have been here and not a word. When Ralph was engaged to me he wrote twice a day."

"I can't tell. He said he would write. Something must prevent him, but—I'll never mistrust John; I couldn't."

"Well, Mary, you have put matters quite in a different light. I hope things will turn out well, I'm sure. But I fear you'll find when men mean what they say, they don't leave a girl in ignorance of the address by which to find them. On board ship men flirt and make sillies of girls just to pass the time."

Mary made no reply. She felt too indignant, and the subject dropped. But what was Mary to say and do when nearly three weeks passed and John Poingdestre made no sign? Had he been playing with her? Mr. Stanhope's innuendoes and covert sneers showed, he believed so, also that Mary was a tax upon them.

"I'll leave. I'll get something to do. I'll leave at once," thought Mary, seated at her bedroom window looking forth, like Sister Ann, but seeing no one coming. "Uncle insults me; I cannot bear it. I'll go, even if I have to be a servant. And—and John—oh! I can't believe it yet—I can't."

"Good gracious me!" he ejaculated. "My dear, the new Baronet has taken possession of the Rowans at last, Sir Edward J. P. O'Mara, who was abroad when his cousin died, you know. But, what the deuce does he want with me?"

"My future wife, if you please, Mr. Stanhope," said a pleasant voice from the drawing room.

At that instant Mary came across the lawn languidly. Then, abruptly, she was flying forward with sparkling eyes and extended hands.

"John, John, I knew you would come."

"Mary, this is Sir Edward O'Mara."

That afternoon, the weather being fine, the Stanhopes took tea under the Japanese umbrella in the garden. The lawn was littered with babies. Mary had gone to one who had come to grief, when the handmaid, coming through the open glass doors of the drawing-room, handed Mr. Stanhope a visiting-card.

"It is my John! Aren't you?" She cried.

"Most certainly, darling," looking brightly, fondly into her face. "Edward John Poingdestre, who has to take the O'Mara name with the title, but ever—ever to you, my Mary, John Poingdestre, who realized, so fortunately for his happiness, 'To what pity is akin.'"

Rather Dangerous.

BY N. G. L.

"WHAT an idea! You'll never get any one to do it, Lil."

"Oh, yes, I shall! I know just the girl."

"Who? Do tell me."

"Can't you guess?"

"No."

"You!"

"Me!" I fairly screamed.

"Yes, you. Now listen, Bertha. You're just the girl for Duncan; I've always thought so, and I know you both well. Duncan is——"

"Oh, my dear girl, just as if I didn't know everything that Duncan is, and isn't, and was and will be! And just as though any girl would take that sort of thing on trust, and not judge for herself, before she went all the way out to India to marry a man!"

"Bertha, darling, don't get excited? Please do think this matter over seriously, and try and see its advantages. Here, I will give you his letter to read, and leave you for a little; do try and like the idea."

I read the letter, and can't say I was much impressed, but as it explains the position of affairs, here it is;

DEAR OLD LIL.—I am writing to ask a favor of you, but first you must promise you won't think me perfectly mad, as I solemnly assure you I am in earnest. We have always been pals, haven't we? And I think you know exactly what sort of fellow I am. Do you remember you used to say that the reason so many people are unhappily married is because the man always persists in choosing the girl he falls in love with, without considering whether she has the qualities necessary to make him a good wife? I remember you once said, "Men would be far happier if they would let their sisters choose their wives for them." Well, I want to get married, and I have resolved to give your wise maxims a trial. Perhaps I may be rather a cold sort of fellow, but, anyway, I have never wanted to marry any of the girls about here. Will you choose a wife for me from among your English girl friends, and place the case clearly before her? Tell her all you know of me as regards character, disposition, etc., also that I am 29 years of age, well off, tall, and, I believe, passably good looking. I should like her to be presentable in appearance, the rest I leave to you. We might exchange photos, only mine would be no good, as they are all old ones, and I know you have no decent ones at homes. I need hardly add that though it is a dangerous experiment, I will do all in my power to make it turn out a success, and whoever trusts herself to me shall never have cause to regret it if I can help it. Let me know as soon as you can, and believe me, your affectionate brother,

"DUNCAN EASTWOOD."

After all, it is rather a good idea, I think, original, if nothing else; but somehow I wouldn't like to take the risk. On the other hand, I've no home, now that dad's gone, and only a poor little $200 a year to live on.

Lil's awfully good and kind, but I can't stay here forever; her husband must think me a nuisance as it is. I shall have to go out as a governess, and here's a chance of marrying a man who is rich, handsome, kind-hearted, and of whom every one speaks well, I don't care for any one else. Shall I chance it?

Well, I did after all. I had no one in the world to advise me but Lil and her husband, and they both thought it a desirable match.

They said we were made for each other, but I believed in their innermost heart of hearts they think Duncan a bit too good for me. My photo was sent out, and my future husband deigned to say that "If I was anything like my photo, he loved me already!"

I think it was rather sneaky of him not sending one of his, but he has been minutely described to me, and is going to wear a white gardenia in his buttonhole when he meets me at Calcutta.

He has a good post in the Indian Civil Service, and lives in Calcutta in the cold weather and Simla in the hot, so I shall have a good time.

Lil rigged me out, and packed me off, and as for me—well, I think I shall like him, and I mean to try anyway.

We have passed Port Said, and very soon we shall reach Aden. Every one on board is so kind to me.

I shall never forget arriving at Aden, a horrid looking place with low white houses against a dreary background of rocks, and no trees or flowers to be seen.

An interesting man came on board at Aden. He is tall and broad, with a kind face and dark eyes, and such a lovely beard and moustache. (I think I rather like beards, that horrid Duncan is clean shaven.)

I oughtn't to be thinking about men. Oh, dear! I wonder if I have done right.

I heard this new man ask the captain, in whose charge I am, whether he might be introduced to a girl on board.

"Which one?" asked the captain.

"I think she is in your charge," said the man; "a tall, slight girl, with lovely gray eyes."

He must have meant me. I should like to be introduced, and yet, in some ways, I would rather not. If I fell in love, how awkward it would be.

"Miss Carr—Mr. Rodgers." The captain stood before me with the man who came on board at Aden.

I got red, and hardly dared to raise my "lovely gray eyes" to the handsome face above me.

"Miss Carr, I know a friend of yours in Calcutta, Duncan Eastwood."

I got redder. How much did he know? How could I tell him I was going to marry a man I had never seen?

"Oh, yes," I stammered; "I am going to stay for a few days with his sister, Mrs. Osborne, in Calcutta. Do you know her?"

"Yes, slightly," he answered. "Rather a long way to go for a visit of a few days, isn't it?"

(There was an awkward pause; I simply couldn't tell him the truth.)

"Oh!" I said carelessly, "I have other plans after that."

He seemed amused at my confusion; I'm sure I looked a perfect fool, and I was thankful that just then another man came up and asked me to join in a cricket match they were getting up.

I have been so happy all these days, but to-night I am the most miserable girl in the world. We shall get to Calcutta to-morrow, and I shall be seized on by that odious man with the white gardenia. I shall never love him. I love some one else; and some one else loves me. A few hours ago Mr. Rogers asked me to marry him, and I told him all my story.

I was leaning over the side of the boat watching the glorious effects of the moon on the dark waters when he came up behind me. I had a white dress on.

I looked up at him as he stood near, and he was looking down at me with a look I had never seen before in any man's eyes. Such a world of love was there, and all for me! It was worth living all my 19 years just simply to see that look.

I don't know why I did it, but I couldn't keep a great sob; and at that he took me in his arms and kissed me passionately over and over again, as though he had lost all control over himself.

I tore myself away, and told him as calmly as I could all about myself.

"I ought to have told you before," I cried, over and over; "but, oh! don't you understand how hard it was? I thought you would think me such a dreadful girl to marry a man I had never seen."

"I don't, dear," he said very gravely. "I think it is a good idea, and you will find all will go well."

"You are heartless!" I cried despairingly. "You don't care a bit; you are not one bit unhappy."

"My Bertha, it is everything to me to know you love me. I don't think I shall ever be unhappy again."

"You are cruel, heartless, wicked!" I cried. "I won't listen any more," and before he could stop me I ran away, and here I am crying my eyes out, wishing we had all been wrecked in the bay.

He called me back.

"Bertha, dearest, let me explain." But I wouldn't listen.

A strange thing has happened. I went on deck this morning and found everything in a bustle and nearly every one had gone on shore. I waited behind purposely. The captain came up and asked me whether I could see my friends anywhere about.

"No," I answered, miserably.

He said he was sorry to see me looking so pale. "The gentleman who is to meet me is tall and clean shaven, and will wear a white gardenia," I began.

"Here we are, then," interrupted the captain, and I felt rather than saw that some one was approaching. My knees were trembling. I thought I should fall. I couldn't raise my eyes until suddenly a deep voice that I knew, ah! yes, and loved too, spoke:

"Miss Carr, I think?"

Startled, I looked up. The captain had been called away, and I stood face to face with—Mr. Rogers.

"What does it mean?" I gasped.

"It means, my darling, that I am Duncan Eastwood. Will you forgive me for the deception?"

I couldn't speak, and he went on:

"I was impatient to see the dear little girl who had trusted her future to me, so as I had been ill and was ordered a holiday, I came to Aden to meet you.

"Then it struck me I would like to see what sort of a little girl you were before you knew who I was. Lil was right, you were made for, dear heart. Then I found you loved me. Last night I nearly betrayed myself, but I wanted to see your face when you met me this morning.

"By the by, I haven't seen it yet; my sister is waiting for you; I have been on shore and got rid of my beard, etc. Look at me, darling, and see how you like the change."

I looked up, and he took my hands in his.

"Are you still afraid of the risk, my Bertha?"

"There will be no risk," I murmured; "my life will be all sunshine."

"And if not," he broke in gently, "our love will help us through the shadows."

The experiment turned out a perfect success, and Lil is more than ever convinced that a man should let his sister choose his wife for him.

Scientific and Useful.

HEATED PLATES.—Food is served in one of the London restaurants on electrically heated plates, so that the guests can eat leisurely and still have the viands continue warm until the close of the meal.

RAILWAY SLEEPERS.—Terracotta sleepers have been tried on a railway in Japan with satisfactory results. The increased price of the material is said to be largely compensated for by its increased resistance to decay.

LAMPS.—Sometimes a lamp wick will get very dark and dirty before it is half consumed. It is not economy to try and burn it; replace it with a fresh one. The trouble and expense are slight, and the increase in clearness and brilliancy will repay the extra care.

SAILING.—An Italian sea captain says that he had proved by experience that a ship goes faster when her sails are perforated with a number of holes than when they are quite sound. His theory is that the force of the wind cannot fairly take effect on an inflated sail, because of the cushion of immovable air that fills up the hollow.

BLOTTING PAD.—An ingenious blotting pad with which is incorporated a dictionary of some 14,500 words comprising scientific and technical expressions of frequent occurrence in our literature, interspersed with common classical quotations, has been devised in Belfast. The dictionary is printed in clear type, and has been compiled with great accuracy and judgment. As a writer's companion it seems specially designed for useful service.

Farm and Garden.

PURE-BRED.—It is not the cost of the pure-bred male that should be considered in his purchase so much as the additional value which he will impart to the herd or flock.

FATTENING.—A short, compact body in a sow indicates a tendency to fatten, and not bring large litters and furnish them with milk. Select those with long bodies, well-rounded ribs and 10 to 12 teats, well spread apart.

FENCES.—Wire fences have been productive of great benefit to farms as they do not abound in fence corners as is the case with rail fences. As the rail fences vanish there are fewer propagating places for weeds.

WINTER FEEDING.—On any good farm, and under good management, a flock of sheep will pay their winter feeding in the manure they will make. Give them lots of straw and they will convert it into the richest kind of food for crops.

THE DAIRY—The farmer, who is not a dairyman, but wishes to keep cows for some profit should tolerate no cow on his farm, if he is himself a careful man, which falls below 250 pounds of butter or an equivalent in milk and cheese for each year of her keeping.

SYSTEM.—When a farmer has a theory it indicates that he is a thinker and is willing to advance in his system of farming. It is right to test all theories, but it should be done in a limited manner. Every farmer should have an experimenting plot for testing fruits and vegetables, as those adapted for one farm may not be suitable for the next.

FEEDING FOR PROFIT.—It is difficult for the poor farmer to comprehend the value of high feeding. But the successful farmer who has an abundance of corn, oats, barley, wheat and rye grinds his grain and feeds liberally. In the spring his cattle come out smooth and sleek and are sought for by the butcher. The cows are in condition to return large quantities of milk of better quality than that from poorly fed animals. The manure is also of much greater value, and this will not only increase the grain crops, but also the grass on pastures and meadows.

If you find a cold creeping on, keep a bottle of Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant near at hand, and take a little dose occasionally. It will relieve at once, and soon bring about a cure.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

ISSUED WEEKLY AT 725 SANSOM ST.

A. E. SMYTHE, Publisher.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 28 1896.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
[IN ADVANCE.]

Copy One Year	$2.00
2 Copies One Year	3.00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club	6.00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postoffice money order, Draft, Check or Registered Letter.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Address all letters to
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

About Letters.

Few people, we imagine, fail to experience pleasure in receiving letters. Only those perhaps who live a solitary life, practically exiled from earliest and therefore best friends, and must needs carry on their most earnest conversations through the post, can realize this pleasure at its highest; but it is known to all in a greater or less degree. There is so much hidden possibility in a letter, part of the charm of which lies in that great truth discovered by Handy Andy, that the cream of the correspondence is inside.

Even business-letters have a certain fascination so long as they remain a sealed book, hiding one knows not what store of goodness or ill. But at one's home, where business cares only occasionally intrude themselves, and where, as in bachelor quarters, domestic joys are utter strangers, the postmen's burdens are even more welcome than that early morning sun which seems to give one so encouraging a start for the day. There are those indeed who cannot wait till they reach their breakfast-table, but must have their letters thrust beneath the bed-room door or laid upon their pillow, that in their earliest waking moments they may be welcomed as it were by the "Good mornings" of absent friends. And how carefully and systematically the letters, if there be more than one, are selected for reading! The superscriptions are for the most part as familiar as the voices of those they represent, and audience may therefore be given according to one's inclination.

Some will greedily seize the envelope that contains the most welcome communication, and forget the others in the eagerness of absorbing it. Others, with the child's wisdom, will keep the best till last, scampering through the minor ones with a mind half inattentive because it is still tickled with the pleasure of anticipation. That last one has to be read deliberately, and all subsidiary matters must be got out of the way so that there may be nothing else to enchain the attention. It is, moreover, a communication to be dwelt upon; and the mere trivialities of the morning's post are irksome to attend to while one is drawing the whole of the picture suggested by those closely-written but still too few sentences.

Sentiment, of course, claims the first place in the attractiveness of letters. For those who live away from home there is a never-failing source of interest in the weekly letter that contains so many charmingly-trifling details of persons and places associated with one's earliest recollections. No one possessed of honest healthy feeling ever quite ceases to be home-sick in a greater or less degree.

It is a very fine thing, no doubt, to go out into the world, to see life, to become independent and one's own master, to make fresh friends and cultivate new pursuits; but, with very few exceptions, the first love is the deepest, and one is never happier than in the occasional flying visits one pays to one's home and the old associations which are so inbred in one's nature that they can never be altogether outgrown. And the letter from home, which would be so hopelessly dull to everybody but the one for whom it is intended, is full of pleasant little facts and thoughts and touches which grip one far more than the finest periods or most flowing phrases of the literary letter-writer.

The only dark side to the pleasure of receiving letters is that it involves the necessity of writing them. Even at its best letter-writing is irksome to most of us. There is always the physical exertion of writing to be reckoned with, and there can hardly be any person who does not find this something of a toil.

To exchange ideas and to gossip is the pleasantest of employments; but to be enjoyed at its full this must be done by word of mouth. Just where letter-writing is the least toilsome it is the most inefficient. For the pen will not keep up with the ideas that flow from one friend putting himself or herself in communication with another, and the written words convey so much less than we desire to say.

Duty-letter-writing is the most burdensome of all, for then the pen halts, and the ideas refuse to supply it with the work it is waiting to perform. With the best of intentions and the warmest sentiment towards those we are addressing, there are too often times when we cannot in a duty-letter say anything that is interesting or anything that seems to be worth the telling.

If one is living a life of dull routine away from one's home, among people unknown to one's friends, and possessing few characteristics that lend themselves to ready description, there seems often to be a lamentable dearth of news that makes the home-letter a masterpiece of dullness.

It is so much easier to write from the other end, where there is practically no person and no event in which you do not take a direct or indirect interest. But you know that letters begets letters, and so you have to cudgel your brains and set your wits to work to produce four pages of something; and you warily leave ample margins and spread your lines generously, so that to the casual glance the sheet may not seem to contain less than its conventional amount.

When writing to a confidential friend however, there is never this difficulty. The only problem, as we have said, is to set down what you have in your mind, so quickly do ideas come tumbling one upon the other.

It has often been urged that authors do not write as they talk, and that their conversation is much more simple than their written words. But it must be borne in mind what an important part facial expression and intonation play in a conversation. These are altogether wanting in cold print words, and their place must be taken by some little juggling with words which shall produce a somewhat similar effect.

If a man spoke as he wrote, he would appear stilted. If he wrote as he spoke, he would sacrifice the charm of style to ugly colloquialism. But in writing to an intimate friend there is no need for artistic effect—indeed it is unwelcome and out of place. For the words themselves carry with them the expression and mode of delivery of a familiar acquaintance, and as we read we seem to hear the words as they would be spoken by the writer. So we can run on chattering on paper and never fail to give the force of spoken words. And how one can write! If the mechanical part could be dispensed with, it would be hard to say how many sheets one would fill when in a gossipy mood.

One writes from a heart to a heart; and, though one may express oneself in what would be a cryptogram to the rest of the world, the receiver has a key which makes everything intelligible. A letter can never be at its best when it is intended for the world, as a public oration can never have the depth and full meaning of a private conversation. In the most favorable circumstances a letter cannot rank with a quiet talk; but the exigencies of our career often separate us far from those in whom we are most deeply interested, and the sending and receiving of letters is the best available link between divided friends with undivided lives.

FAMILY life sustains national life—that is, by lightening the duties that would otherwise fall heavily upon the state. No one can compute the degree to which the family circle, with its ever-pervading influence, anticipates wants, prevents crime, promotes industry and independence, and thus holds back many of the burdens that would otherwise be borne by the state. It is safe to say that there would be a tenfold necessity for laws and penalties all through the country were it not for the controlling and guiding influence of the home.

COURTESY calls for great self control, and often involves a difficult restraint of one's turbulent spirit, a real victory after a hard battle within. Its field of contest is the very field where lies the centre of the fight between good and evil—the heart. A heartless courtesy always rings hollow, and seldom deceives by its outward fairness. It shows itself in little matters as truly as in the more important.

I KNOW against all appearances that the universe can receive no detriment; that there is a remedy for every wrong and a satisfaction for every soul. Here is this wonderful thought. But whence came it? Who put it in the mind? It was not I, it was not you; it is elemental—belongs to thought and virtue, and whenever we have either, we see the beams of this light.

WHO ever did a real kindness for another without feeling a warm glow of satisfaction creep into some shady corner of the heart and fill it with sweetness and peace? It is like the placing of a bunch of violets and mignonette in the buttonhole, where their perfume may be deliciously perceptible all day.

AH, me! you must bear your own burdens, fashion your own faith, think your own thoughts, and pray your own prayers. Who can weigh circumstances, passions, temptations, that go to our good and evil account, save One, before whose awful wisdom we kneel, and at whose mercy we ask absolution.

As the sky is not steadfastly clear, but often is covered with clouds, still through the folds there shine at intervals the everlasting stars, so through the darkness of our hearts there steals at times the celestial glory, and we rejoice that there is a heaven above the world.

NATURAL powers of any kind, however admirable in themselves, do not redound to our credit, as we had neither part nor lot in creating them; but it must be remembered that every such gift increases our responsibility, both in cultivating it and in putting it to good uses.

A MAN should be niggardly in making promises, but generous in their fulfilment. Unredeemed promises are like unredeemed pledges—they so accumulate interest as soon to be irredeemable.

THE best part of our education is that which teaches us where knowledge ceases and ignorance begins.

IF you buy what you have no occasion for, you will soon have to sell what you cannot spare.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

READER.—The crescent was in common use among the Greeks and Romans, being the emblem of both the Syrian goddess Astarte and the Greek Artemis. It is adopted as the city emblem of Byzantium, because of a tradition that the besieging army of Philip of Macedon was defeated in an attempt to surprise the city by the light of a crescent moon falling on their armor and weapons. When the Turks captured Constantinople, finding the crescent exhibited everywhere, they concluded it to be a charm of some kind, and adopted it themselves.

STRUGGLER.—Blushing is a nervous affection pure and simple, and, if you have been free from it until lately, it behooves you to think what you have been doing that has upset your nervous system. A large number of affections of this class cannot be treated specifically. All that can be done is to cultivate a general state of robust health, and then the symptoms disappear. A perfectly healthy man has not the self-consciousness that shows itself in this physical flush. You must not expect to find a sudden remedy for nervous disorders. They are dispelled only by increasing strength. Certainly we think it is unwise of you to "smoke a good deal." There can be no doubt about the effect of nicotine upon the nervous system. Five smokers out of six who have not reached the stage when the smoker ceases to be an observer of his own habit, will tell you that tobacco, taken to excess, has a marked effect upon the nervous system. It is only by good living, plentiful exercise, rational companionship, and by ceasing from the habit of introspection, that you will become a robust, self-possessed man. If you choose to torture yourself to death by undue thinking about yourself, nobody can prevent it. Look at the big world and rejoice, and leave your paltry self to slumber.

ANXIOUS.—1. We do not think that any good is done by popular descriptions of disease. You speak of Graves' Disease as an affection of the heart. It is rather a nervous disease, affecting specially the heart, the throat, and the eyes. The remedy is an improvement of the general health, through change of air, good food, and cheerful company. With returning strength the palpitation and other symptoms cease. Wise treatment is generally efficacious. The patient should be particularly careful to avoid excitement; indeed the disease often comes on after a distressing fright has been experienced. 2. However serviceable chlorodyne may be when taken in case of need, the habitual taking of it means nothing less than eventual physical ruin. It is as insidious as opium, and has the same demoralising effects. The chlorodyne slave is to be profoundly pitied, for, although life may be prolonged for many years in spite of great indulgence in this combination of drugs, there is a loss of self-control and some of the most valued mental and moral qualities. You can never trust the man or woman who is a slave to this drug. The expense of indulging in the habit is ruinous poor people.

TROUBLE.—It seems to us that you take your trouble somewhat too seriously. There may be more under your letter than appears on the surface, but what you tell us is not so terrible as to account for such sorrow as you appear to be feeling. You say you have cried to God, but He seems to have forgotten you. The only reason we can see why you entertain this despair is that your husband likes to amuse himself with a game at cards with his friends, and will not be persuaded to give it up, but, when you expostulate with him, walks away and does not argue the question. To those who know what genuine trouble means—the trouble of hopeless pain, of cruelty, of haggard poverty, of anguished bereavement—this husband's game at cards, even though there may be a small stake on the game, would appear a very inadequate reason for your feeling yourself forsaken by God. Any subject of difference between a husband and wife, however small, may be exaggerated and inflamed until it becomes huge and malignant, unless a common-sense and essentially truthful view is taken. There are scores of questions that may be made an excuse for such difference of opinion, and married life will become jarring and miserable—not because God has forsaken you, but because ordinary good sense has not been exercised.

BERT.—Although the greatest diamond mines in the world are in South Africa, Brazil exports more diamonds to that part than to anywhere else on earth. The explanation is easy. They are black diamonds, and are not of the kind used as jewelry. The place of their greatest utility is underground in the mines. South Africa does not produce them, but it could not get along well without them. Black diamond is the hardest substance known. Its utility has only been realized for about twenty years, and improvements are constantly being made in it. The rough stones are taken and split by machinery, in a way that was unknown until recently. The split must follow the grain. If it does not half the stone will be wasted. Each stone is split into cubes of different sizes. The cubes are then welded into mining drills, if they are to be used for boring. The steel is cast about the diamond so that it cannot get loose. In the same way nearly all diamond saws are made. They are circular saws. Every tooth is a black diamond cube. It is fastened on when the steel portion of the instrument is in a molten state. The attempt to make these stones artificially has proved a failure in every instance. The cost is greater than the market price of the Brazilian diamond. Black diamonds weigh ordinarily less than 100 carats, ranging all the way down to half a carat.

SHIELD AND STRENGTH.

BY S. C.

They cannot see why I should sing
  Or wear the cheerful smile,
And think I should in suffering
  Complain or weep the while.
If they but knew a true wife feels
  Whatever may befall,
Or harsh the ills that time reveals,
  Love gives her strength for all.

Nor from such trials am I free,
  Or great or petty ill,
Each passing day they come to me
  To test my heart and will.
But I've a fortress in my heart
  And champion at my call,
In armor-proof to spear or dart—
  Love, that hath strength for all!

This is my shield, my trusty knight,
  To ward from me the blows,
Or break their force with its sweet might,
  And rout these daily foes.
So, on my toil and suffering
  There are no tears to fall,
While to my heart I softly sing—
  Love gives us strength for all!

In The Track.

BY O. S. F.

"WELL, somebody must go; that is certain."

And more than one man looked at me. It was not because I could possibly be that somebody, although I was young enough and of little enough consequence. But fortune had been busy with me. She had knocked all the interest out of my life, and then she had proceeded to shower her fickle favors upon me.

I was by way of becoming a success in that line of life wherein I had been cast. I had been mentioned in dispatches, and somehow the bullets had passed by on the other side.

Her gracious majesty had written to me twice as her dearly beloved Thomas, and I was well up in my profession.

In those days things were differently done in India. There was less telegraphing here and there for instructions. There was more action and less talk. The native gentleman did not sit on a jury then.

"Yes," said young Martello, "somebody must go. Question is—who?"

And they looked at me again.

"There be those in high places," I said, "who shall decide."

They laughed and made no answer. They were pleased to think that I should have to decide which doctor should go to Capoo, where a sickness unknown and incomprehensible had broken out.

It was true that I was senior surgeon of the division; indeed, I was surgeon-major of that tract of country as big as Scotland.

It is India now, but in the days of which I write the question had not been settled with a turbulent native prince. We were, in fact, settling that question.

Capoo was right in the heart of the new country, while we were in occupation of a border town. Behind us lay India; in front of us the Unknown.

The garrison of Capoo was small and self-important, but sickness made itself conspicuous among its members. Their doctor—poor young Barber—died, and the self-importance of the Capoo garrison oozed out of their finger ends.

They sent down post haste to us for help, and a special letter addressed to me detailed symptoms of no human malady.

I had two men under me. The question seemed simple enough. One of them would have to go. As to which one there was really no doubt whatever. The duty fell upon Thurkow. Thurkow was junior. This might prove to be Thurkow's opportunity, or—the other thing.

We all knew that he would be willing enough to go; nay, he would be eager. But Thurkow's father was in command, which made all the difference.

While we were thinking over these things an orderly appeared at the mess-room door.

"Brigadier would like to see you, sir," he said to me. And I had to throw away the better half of a first class manilla.

The brigadier's quarters were across a square in the centre of a long rambling palace, for which a handsome rent was duly paid. We were not making war. On the contrary, we were forcing peace down the throat of the native prince on the point of a sword.

Everything was upon a friendly footing. We were not an invading force. Oh, no! we were only the escort of a political officer.

We had been quartered in this border town for more than a year, and the senior officers' lady-wives had brought their lares and penates in their three bullock-carts a-piece.

I suppose we were objects of envy. We had all the excitement of novelty without any of the penalties of active warfare. We were strong enough to make an awful example of the whole Principality at a day's notice, and the Principality knew it, which kept bazaar prices down and made the colored brother remember the hue of his cheek.

In the palace there were half a dozen officers' quarters, and these had been apportioned to the married: consequently the palace had that air of homeliness which is supposed to be lacking in the quarters of single men.

As I was crossing the square I heard some one running after me, and turning I faced Fits. Fits Marner—usually called Fitz—was my second in command and two years my junior.

He was quite a different sort of man from myself, and, if I may say so, a much better man.

However, I am not going to talk about myself more than I can help this time. Some day I shall, and then I shall have a portrait on the cover. This is an age of portraits.

But some day the British public will wake up and will refuse to read the works of a smug-faced man in spectacles who tries to make them believe that he is doughty, fearless, and beloved of beautiful damsels.

The bookstalls are full to-day of works written in the first person singular, and relating deeds of the utmost daring; while on the cover is a portrait of the author—the aforesaid smug man in spectacles—who has not the good sense to suppress himself.

Fitz was tall and lithe. He had a large brown moustache and pleasantly thoughtful eyes. His smile was the kindliest I have ever met. Moreover a modester man than Fits never breathed.

He had a way of carrying his chin rather low, so that when he looked at one he had to raise his eyes, which imparted a pleasing suggestion of attention to his face. It always seemed to me that Fits listened more carefully to what was said to him than other men are in the habit of doing.

"Say, doctor," he said, looking up to me in his peculiar thoughtful way, "give me a chance."

I knew what he meant. He wanted me to send him to a certain death instead of young Thurkow. Those little missions to that bourne from whence no traveler returns are all in the work of a soldier's life, and we two were soldiers, although ours was the task of repairing instead of doing the damage.

Every soldier-man and most civilians know that it is sometimes the duty of a red-coat to go and get killed without pausing to ask whether it be expedient or not.

One aide-de-camp may be sent on a mad attempt to get through the enemy's lines, while his colleague rides quietly to the rear with a dispatch inside his tunic, the delivery of which to the commander-in-chief will ensure promotion.

And in view of this the wholesale law of seniority was invented. The missions come in rotation, and according to seniority the men step forward.

Fits Marner's place was at my side, where, by the way, I never want a better man, for his will was iron and he had no nerves whatever.

Capoo, the stricken, was calling for help. Fits and I knew more about cholera than we cared to discuss just then. Some one must go up to Capoo to fight a hopeless fight and die. And old Fits—God bless him!—was asking to go.

In reply I laughed.

"Not if I can help it. The fortune of war is the same for all."

Fits tugged at his moustache and looked gravely at me.

"It is hard on the old man," he said. "It is more than you can expect."

"Much," I answered. "I gave up expecting justice some years ago. I am sorry for the brigadier, of course. He committed the terrible mistake of getting his son in his own brigade, and this is the result. All that he does to night he does on his own responsibility. I am not inclined to help him. If it had been you, I should not have moved an inch—you know that."

He turned half away, looking up speculatively at the yellow Indian moon.

"Yes," he muttered, "I know that."

And without another word he went back to the mess room.

I went on and entered the palace. To reach the brigadier's quarters I had to pass down the whole length of the building, and I was not in the least surprised to see Elsie Matheson waiting for me in one of the passage-like ante rooms.

Elsie Matheson was bound to come into this matter sooner or later—I knew that; but I did not quite know in what capacity her advent might be expected.

"What is this news from Capoo?" she asked, without attempting to disguise her anxiety.

Her father, assistant political officer in this affair, was not at Capoo or near there. He was upstairs playing a rubber.

"Bad," I answered.

She winced, but turned no paler. Women and horses are always surprising me, and they never surprise me more than when in danger.

Elsie Matheson was by no means a masculine young person. Had she been so I should not have troubled to mention her. For me, men cannot be too manly, nor women too womanly.

"What is the illness they have?" she asked.

"I really cannot tell you, Elsie," I answered. "Old Simpson has written me a long letter—he always had a fancy for symptoms, you know—but I can make nothing of it. The symptoms he describes are quite impossible. They are too scientific for me."

"You know it is cholera," she snapped out with a strange little break in her voice which I did not like, for I was very fond of this girl.

"Perhaps it is," I answered.

She gave a funny little helpless look round her as if she wanted something to lean against.

"And who will go?" she asked. She was watching me keenly.

"Oh—that does not rest with me."

"As if it did?"

"I should go myself."

Her face lighted up suddenly. She had not thought of that. I bore her no ill-feeling, however, I did not expect her to love me.

"But they cannot spare you," she was kind enough to say.

"Everybody can always be spared—with alacrity," I answered; "but it is not a question of that. It is a question of routine. One of the others will have to go."

"Which one?" she asked with a suddenly assumed indifference.

It was precisely the question in my own mind, but relative to a very different matter. If the decision rested with Miss Matheson, which of those two men would she send to Capoo?

Perhaps I looked rather too keenly into her face, for she turned suddenly away and drew the gauzy wrap she had thrown over her evening dress more closely round her throat, for the passages were cold.

"That does not rest with me," I repeated, and I went on towards the brigadier's quarters, leaving her—a white shadow in the dimly lighted passage.

I found the chief at his own dinner-table with an untouched glass of wine before him.

"This is a bad business," he said, looking at me with haggard eyes. I had never quite realised before what an old man he was. His trim beard and moustache had been white for years, but he had always been a hale man up to his work—a fine soldier but not a great leader.

There was a vein of indolence in Brigadier General Thurkow's nature which had the same effect on his career as that caused by the barnacles round a ship's keel. This inherent indolence was a steady drag on the man's life.

Only one interest thoroughly aroused him—only one train of thought received the full gift of his mind. This one absorbing interest was his son Charlie, and it says much for Charlie Thurkow that we did not hate him.

The brigadier had lost his wife years before. All that belonged to ancient history—to the old company days before our time. To say that he was absorbed in his son is to state the case in the mildest imaginable form.

The love in this old man's heart for his reckless, happy-souled offspring was of that higher order which stops at nothing. There is love that worketh wonders, and the same love can make a villain of an honest man.

I looked at old Thurkow, sitting white-lipped behind the decanter, and I knew that there was villainy in his upright, honest heart.

He scarcely met my eyes. He moved uneasily in his chair. All through a long life this man had carried nobly the noblest name that can be given to any—the name of gentleman.

No great soldier, but a man of dauntless courage. No strategist, but a leader who could be trusted with his country's honor. Upright, honorable, honest, brave—and it had come to this. It had come to his sitting shamefaced before a poor unknown sawbones—not daring to look him in the face.

His duty was plain enough. Charlie Thurkow's turn had come. Charlie Thurkow must be sent to Capoo—by his father's orders. But the old man—the soldier who had never turned his back on danger—could not do it.

We were old friends, this man and I. I owed him much. He had made my career and I am afraid I had been his accomplice more than once. But we had never wronged any other man.

Fits had aided and abetted more than once. It had been an understood thing between Fitz and myself that the winds of our service were to be tempered to Charlie Thurkow, and I imagine we had succeeded in withholding the fact from his knowledge.

Like most spoilt sons Charlie was a little selfish, with that convenient blindness which does not perceive how much dirty work is done by others.

But he had never deceived the brigadier. He was not easily deceived in those matters which concerned his son. I knew the old man very well, and for years I had been content to sit by the hour together and talk with him of Charlie.

To tell the honest truth, Master Charlie was a very ordinary young man. I take it that a solution of all that was best in five Charles Thurkows would make up one Fitz Marner.

There was something horribly pathetic in the blindness of this usually keen old man on this one point.

He would sit there stiffly behind the decanter fingering his wine glass and make statements about Charlie which would have made me blush had that accomplishment not belonged to my past.

A certain cheery impatience which characterized Charlie was fondly set down as savoir-faire and dash. A cheap wit was held to be brilliancy and conversational finish.

And somehow we had all fallen into the way of humoring the brigadier. I never told him, for instance, that his son was a very second-rate doctor and a nervous operator.

I never hinted that many of the cures which had been placed to his credit were the work of Fits—that the men had no confidence in Charlie, and that they were somewhat justified in their opinion.

"This is bad business," repeated the brigadier, looking hard at the dispatch that lay on the table before him.

"Yes," I answered.

He tossed the paper towards me and pointed to a chair.

"Sit down," he said sharply. "Have you had any report from poor Barber?"

In response I handed him the beginning of an official report. I say the beginning, because it consisted of four lines only. It was in Barber's handwriting, and it broke off suddenly in the middle of a word before it began to tell me anything. In its way it was a tragedy.

Death had called for Barber while he was wondering how to spell "nauseous." I also gave him Colonel Simpson's letter, which he read carefully.

"What is it?" he asked suddenly, as he laid the papers aside.

"Officially—I don't know."

"And unofficially?"

"I fear it is cholera."

The brigadier raised his glass of claret a few inches from the table, but his hand was too unsteady, and he set the glass down again untouched.

I was helplessly sorry for him. There was something abject and humiliating in his averted gaze. Beneath his white moustache his lips were twitching nervously.

For a few moments there was silence, and I dreaded the next words. I was trembling for his manhood.

"I suppose something must be done for them," he said at length hoarsely, and it was hard to believe that the voice was the voice of our leader—a man dreaded in warfare, respected in peace.

"Yes," I answered uncompromisingly.

"Some one must go to them."

"Yes."

Again there was that horrid silence broken only by the tramp of the sentinel outside the glassless windows.

"Who?" asked the brigadier in a little more than a whisper.

I suppose he expected it of me—I suppose he knew that even for him, even in mercy to an old man whose only joy in

life trembled at that moment in the balance, I could not perpetrate a cruel injustice.

"It devolves on Charlie," I answered.

He gave one quick glance beneath his lashes and again lowered his eyes. I heard a long gasping sound as if he found difficulty in breathing. He sat upright, and then threw back his shoulders with a pitiable effort to be strong.

"Is he up to the work?" he asked quietly.

"I cannot conscientiously say that he is not."

"Hang it, man," he burst out suddenly, "there is no way out of it?"

"Yes—one way!"

"What is it?"

"I will go."

"That is impossible," he answered with a sublime unconsciousness of his own huge selfishness which almost made me laugh.

This man would have asked nothing for himself. For his son he had no shame in asking all. He would have accepted my offer, I could see that, had it been possible.

At this moment the door opened and Charlie Thurkow came in. His eyes were bright with excitement, and he glanced at us both quickly. He was quite well aware of his father's weakness in regard to himself, and I am afraid he sometimes took advantage of it. He often ignored discipline entirely, as he did in coming into the room at that moment.

I suppose there is in every one a sense of justice which accounts for the subtle annoyance caused by the devotion of parents and others—a devotion which has not the good sense to hide itself. There are few things more annoying than an exhibition of unjust love. I rose at once. The coming interview would be either painful or humiliating, and I preferred not to assist at it.

As I went down the dark passages a man in a staff uniform, wearing spurs, clanked past me. I did not know until later that it was Fitz, for I could not see his face.

I went back to my quarters, and was busy for some time with certain technicalities of my trade which are not worth detailing here. While I and my two dispensers were still measuring out and mixing drugs Fitz came to us.

"I am going to Capoo," he said quietly.

In his silent, quick way he was taking in all that we were doing. We were packing medical stores for Capoo. I did not answer him, but waited for further details.

We could not speak openly before the two assistants at that moment, and somehow we never spoke about it at all. I glanced up at him. His face was pale beneath the sunburn. There was a drawn look just above his mustache, as if his lips were held tightly.

"I volunteered," he said, "and the brigadier accepted my offer."

Whenever the word "duty" is mentioned, I think of Fitz to this day.

I said nothing, but went on with my work. The whole business was too disgusting, too selfish, too unjust, to bear speaking of.

I had long known that Fitz loved Elsie Matheson. In my feeble way, according to my scanty opportunity, I had endeavored to assist him. But her name had never been mentioned between us except carelessly in passing conversation.

I knew no details. I did not even know whether Elsie knew of his love; but it was exceedingly likely that if she did he had not told her. As to her feelings I was ignorant.

She loved somebody, that much I knew. One can generally tell that. One sees it in a woman's eyes. But it is one thing to know that a woman loves, and quite another to find out whom she loves. I have tried in vain more than once.

I once thought that I was the favored person—not with Elsie, with quite another woman—but I was mistaken. I only know that those women who have that in their eyes which I have learnt to recognise are better women than those who lack it.

Fitz was the first to speak.

"Don't put all of that into one case," he said to one of the dispensers, indicating a row of bottles that stood on the floor. "Divide the different drugs over the cases, so that one or two of them can be lost without doing much harm."

His voice was quite calm and practical.

"When do you go?" I asked curtly. I was rather afraid of trusting my voice too long, for Fitz was one of the few men who have really entered into my life sufficiently to leave a blank space behind them. I have been a rolling stone, and what little moss I ever gathered soon got knocked off, but it left scars. Fitz left a scar.

"My orders are to start to-night—with one trooper," he answered.

"What time?"

"In half an hour."

"I will ride with you a few miles," I said.

He turned and went to his quarters, which were next to mine. I was still at work when Charlie Thurkow came in. He had changed his dress clothes for an old working suit. I was working in my evening dress—a subtle difference.

"Do you want any help?" he asked. I could hear a grievance in his voice.

"Of course; get on packing that case; plenty of straw between the bottles."

He obeyed me, working slowly, badly, without concentration, as he always did.

"It's a beastly shame, isn't it?" he muttered presently.

"Yes," I answered, "it is."

I suppose he did not detect the sarcasm.

"Makes me look a fool," he said heatedly. "Why couldn't the governor let me go and take my chance?"

The answer to this question being beyond my ken, I kept a discreet silence. Giving him further instructions, I presently left my junior to complete the task of packing up the necessary medicaments for Capoo.

In less than half an hour Fitz and I mounted our horses. A few of the fellows came out of the mess room, cigar in mouth, to say good-bye to Fitz. One or two of them called out "Good luck" as we left them. Each wish was followed by a little laugh, as if the wisher was ashamed of showing even so minute an emotion.

It was, after all, all in the way of our business. Many a time Fitz and I had stood idle while these same men rode out to face death. It was Fitz's turn now—that was all.

The Sikh trooper was waiting for us in the middle of the square—in the moonlight—a grand picturesque figure. A long-faced, silent man, with deep eyes and a grizzled mustache. He wheeled his horse, and dropped ten paces in our rear.

In the course of a varied experience Fitz and I had learnt to ride hard. We rode hard that night beneath the yellow moon, through the sleeping, odorous country.

We both knew too well that cholera under canvas is like a fire in a timber-yard. You may pump your drugs upon it, but without avail unless the pumping may be scientific.

Fitz represented science. Every moment meant a man's life. Our horses soon settled into their stride with a pleasant creaking sound of warm leather and willing lungs.

The moon was above and behind us; we each had a galloping shadow beneath our horse's forefeet. It was a sandy country, and the hoofs only produced a dull thud. There was something exhilarating in the speed—in the shimmering Indian atmosphere.

A sense of envy came over me, and I dreaded the moment when I should have to turn and ride soberly home, leaving Fitz to complete his forty-five miles before daylight.

We were riding our chargers. They had naturally fallen into step, and bounded beneath us with a regular, mechanical rhythm. Both alike had their heads down, their shoulders forward, with that intelligent desire to do well which draws a man's heart towards a horse in preference to any other animal. I looked sideways at Fitz, and waited for him to speak. But he was staring straight in front of him, and seemed lost in thought.

"You know," I said at length, "you have done that old man an ill-turn. Even if you come back he will never forgive himself. He will never look either of us straight in the face again."

"Can't help that," replied Fitz. "The thing——" he paused, as if choosing his words. "If," he went on rather quickly, "the worst comes to the worst, don't let people—any one—think that I did it because I didn't care, because I set no value on my life. The thing was forced upon me. I was asked to volunteer for it."

"All right," I answered, rather absent-mindedly perhaps. I was wondering who "any one" might be, and also who had asked him to throw away his life. The latter might, of course, be the brigadier. Surely it could not have been Elsie. But, as I said before, I was always uncertain about women.

I did not say anything about hoping for the best. Fitz and I had left all that nonsense behind us years before. We did our business amidst battle, murder, and sudden death.

Perhaps we were callous, perhaps we had only learnt to value the thing at its true worth, and did not set much fear on death.

And then, I must ask you to believe, we fell to talking "shop." I knew a little more about cholera than did Fitz, and we got quite interested in our conversation. It is, I have found, only in books that men use the last moment to advantage. Death has been my road-fellow all through life, and no man has yet died in my arms saying quite the right thing. Some of them made a joke, others were merely commonplace, as all men really are whether living or dying.

When the time came for me to turn back, Fitz had said nothing fit for post-mortem reproduction. We had talked unmitigated "shop," except the few odd observations I have set down.

We shook hands, and I turned back at once. As I galloped I looked back, and in the light of the great tropical moon I saw Fitz sitting forward in his saddle as the horse rose to the slope of a hill, galloping away into the night, into the unknown, on his mission of mercy. At his heels rode the Sikh, enormous, silent, soldierly.

During my steady run home I thought of those things concerning my craft which required immediate consideration. Would it be necessary to send down to India for help? Cholera at Capoo might mean cholera everywhere in this new unknown country. What about the women and children?

The Wandering Jew was abroad; would he wander in our direction, with the legendary curse following on his heels? Was I destined to meet this dread foe a third time? I admit that the very thought caused a lump to rise in my throat. For I love Thomas Atkins. He is manly and honest according to his lights.

It does not hurt me very much to see him with a bullet through his lungs or a sabre cut through the collar-bone down to the same part of his anatomy. But it does hurt me exceedingly to see honest Thomas die between the sheets—the death of any common civilian beggar. Thomas is too good for that.

It was nearly three o'clock in the morning when I rode into the Palace Square. All round I saw the sentinels, their bayonets gleaming in the moonlight. A man was walking backwards and forwards in the middle of the square by himself.

When he heard me he came towards me. At first I thought that it was my servant waiting to take the horse, but a moment later I recognised Charlie Thurkow—recognised him by his fair hair, for he was hatless. At the same time my eyes roused himself from slumber in the shadow of an arch, and ran forward to my stirrup.

"Come to the hospital!" said Thurkow the moment I alighted. His voice was dull and unnatural. I once heard a man speak in the same voice while collecting his men for a rush which meant certain death. The man was duly killed, and I think he was trembling with fear when he ran to his death.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I don't know."

We walked—almost ran—to the hospital, a long low building in the palace compound. Charlie Thurkow led the way to a ward which we had never used—a ward I had set apart for infectious cases.

A man was dozing in a long chair in the open window. As we entered he rose hastily and brought a lamp. We bent over a bed—the only one occupied. The occupant was a man I did not know. He looked like a Goorkha, and he was dying. In a few moments I knew all that there was to know. I knew that the Wandering Jew had passed our way.

"Yes," I said, rising from my knees at the bedside; "we have it."

Of the days that followed it is not my intention to say much. A woman once told me that I was afraid of nothing. She was mistaken. If she chance to read this and recognise it, I hope she will believe the assertion: I am, and always have been, afraid of cholera—in India. In Europe it is a different matter. The writing of those days would be unpleasant to me; the reading would be still less pleasant to the reader.

Brigadier-General Thurkow rose to the occasion, as we all expected him to do. It is one thing to send a man to a distant danger, and quite another to go with him into a danger which is close at hand.

Charlie Thurkow and I were the only two doctors on the spot, and before help could reach us we should probably all be dead or cured. There was no shirking now. Charlie and I were at work night and day, and in the course of thirty-six hours Charlie got interested in it.

He reached the fighting point—that crisis in an epidemic of which doctors can tell—that point where there is a certain glowing sense of battle over each bed—where Death and the doctor see each other face to face—fight hand to hand for the life.

The doctor loses his interest in the patient as a friend or a patient; all his attention is centred on the life as a life, and a point to be scored against the adversary Death.

We had a very bad time for two days. At the end of that time I had officers bearing Her Majesty's commission serving under me as assistant nurses, and then the women came into it.

The first to offer herself was the wife of a non-commissioned officer in the Engineers, who had been through Netley. I accepted her. The second woman was Elsie Matheson. I refused point blank.

"Sooner or later," she said, looking at me steadily with something in her eyes which I could not make out, "you will have to take me."

"Does your father know you have come to me?" I retorted.

"Yes; I came with his consent."

I shook my head and retured to my writing. I was filling in a list of terrific length. She did not go away, but stood in front of me with a certain tranquillity which was unnatural under the circumstances.

"Do you want help?" she asked calmly.

"God knows I do."

"But not mine——?"

"Not yet, Elsie. I have not got so far as that yet."

I did not look up, and she stood quite still over me—looking down at me—probably noting that the hair was getting a little thin on the top of my head. This is not a joke.

I repeat she was probably noting that. People do note such things at such moments.

"If you do not take me," she said in a singularly even voice, "I shall go up to Capoo. Can you not see that this is the only thing that can save me from going to Capoo—or going mad?"

I laid aside my pen, and looked up into her face, which she made no pretence of hiding from me. And I saw that it was as she said.

"You can go to work at once," I said, "under Mrs. Martin, in ward number four."

When she had left me I did not go on filling in the list from the notes in my pocket book. I fell to wasting time instead. So it was Fitz. I was not surprised, but I was very pleased.

I was not surprised, because I have usually found that the better sort of woman has as keen a scent for the good men as we have.

And I tell you that old Fitz—the best man I ever served with—fighting up at Capoo all alone, while I fought down in the valley. There was a certain sense of companionship in the thought, though my knowledge and experience told me that our chances of meeting again were very small indeed.

We had not heard from Capoo. The conclusion was obvious: they had no one to send.

Elsie Matheson soon became a splendid nurse. She was quite fearless—not with dash, but with the steady fearlessness that comes from an ever-present sense of duty, which is the best. She was kind and tender, but she was a little absent. In spirit she was nursing at Capoo; with us she was only in the body.

When Charlie Thurkow heard that she had gone into ward number four, he displayed a sudden, singular anger.

"It's not fit for her," he said. "How could you do it?"

And I noticed that so far as lay in his power he kept the worst cases away from number four.

It occasionally happens in life that duty is synonymous with inclination; not often, of course, but occasionally. I twisted inclination round into duty, and put Elsie to night work, while Charlie Thurkow kept the day watches. I myself was forced to keep both as best I could.

Whenever I went into number four ward at night before (save the mark) going to bed, I found Elsie Matheson waiting for me. It must be remembered that she was quite cut off from the little world that surrounded us in the palace. She had no means of obtaining news.

Her only link with the outer universe was an occasional patient brought in more dead than alive, and too much occupied with his own affairs to trouble about those of other people.

"Any news?" she would whisper to me as we went round the beds together; and I knew that she meant Capoo. Capoo was all the world for her. It is strange how some little unknown spot on the earth will rise up and come into our lives never to leave the memory again.

"Nothing," I replied with a melancholy regularity.

Once only she broke through her reserve—through the habit of bearing pain in silence which she had acquired by being so much among dying men.

"Have you no opinion?" she asked with a sharpness in her voice which I forgave as I heard it.

"Upon what subject?"

"Upon . . . the chances.

I shrugged my shoulders.

"He is a good man—there is no better in India—that is all I can say. Just hold the candle a little closer, will you, please? Thanks—yes—he is quite dead."

We passed on to the next bed.

"It is both his duty and his inclination to take care of himself," I said as we went—going back with her in the spirit to Capoo.

"How do you know it is his inclination?" she asked guardedly.

And I knew that I was on the right path. The vague message given to "any one" by Fitz as he rode by my side that night—only a week before, although it seemed to be months—that message was intended for Elsie. It referred to something that had gone before, of which I had no knowledge.

"Because he told me so," I answered.

And then we went on with our work. Charlie Thurkow was quite right. I knew that all along. It was not fit for her. Elsie was too young, too gentle and delicate for such a place as ward number four.

I made no mention of her beauty, for I took no heed of it then. It was there—but it had nothing to do with this matter. Also I have never seen why women who are less blessed or cursed by beauty should be less considered in such matters, as they undoubtedly are.

I was up and about all that night. The next morning rose gloomily as if the day was awakening unrefreshed by a feverish sleep. The heat had been intense all night, and we could look for nothing but an intensification of it when the sun rose with a tropical aggressiveness.

I wanted to get my reports filled in before lying down to snatch a little rest, and was still at work when Charlie Thurkow came in to relieve me. He looked ghastly, but we all did that, and I took no notice. He took up the ward-sheets and glanced down the columns.

"Wish I had gone to Capoo," he muttered. "It couldn't have been worse than this."

I had finished my writing, and I rose. As I did so Charlie suddenly clapped his hand to his hip.

"I say!" he exclaimed, "I say."

He looked at me in a stupid way, and then suddenly he tottered towards me and I caught him.

"Old chap," he exclaimed thickly, with his face against my shoulder, "I've got it. Take me to number four."

He had seen by the list that there was a vacant cot in number four.

I carried him there, stumbling as I went, for I was weak from want of sleep.

Elsie had just gone to her room, and Mrs. Martin was getting the vacant bed ready. I was by that bedside all day. All that I know I did for Charlie Thurkow.

I dosed myself with more than one Indian drug to stimulate the brain—to keep myself up to doing and thinking. This was a white man's life, and God forgive me if I set undue store upon it as compared with the black lives we were losing daily.

This was a brain that could think for the rest. There was more than one man's life wrapped up in Charlie Thurkow's. One can never tell. My time might come at any moment, and the help we had sent for could not reach us for another fortnight.

Charlie said nothing. He thanked me at intervals for some little service rendered, and nearly all the time his eyes were fixed upon the clock. He was reckoning with his own life.

He did not want to die in the day, but in the night. He was deliberately spinning out his life till the night nurse came on duty. I suppose that in his superficial, happy-go-lucky way he loved her.

I pulled him through that day, and we managed to refrain from waking Elsie up. At night-fall she came to her post. When she came into the room I was writing a note to the brigadier.

I watched her face as she came towards us. There was only distress upon it—nothing else. Even women—even beautiful women grow callous; thank Heaven! Charlie Thurkow gave a long sigh of relief when she came.

My note was duly sent to the brigadier, and five minutes afterwards I went out to the verandah to speak to him. I managed to keep him out of the room by a promise that he should be sent for later.

I made no pretence about it, and he knew that it was only the question of a few hours when he walked back across the Palace square to his quarters. I came back to the verandah and found Elsie waiting to speak to me.

"Will he die?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Quite sure?"

There was a strange glitter in her eyes which I could not understand.

"Quite," I answered, forgetting to be professional.

She looked at me for a moment as if she was about to say something, and then she apparently decided not to say it.

I went toward a low chair which stood on the verandah.

"I shall lie down here," I said, "and sleep for an hour."

"Yes, do," she answered almost gratefully.

"You will wake me if you want me?"

"Yes."

"Wake me when . . . the change comes."

"Yes."

In a few moments I was asleep. I do not know what woke me up. It seemed to be very late. All the sounds of barrack-life were hushed. The moon was just up. I rose to my feet and turned to the open window. But there I stopped.

Elsie was kneeling by Charlie Thurkow's bed. She was leaning over him, and I could see that she was kissing him. And I knew that she did not love him.

I kicked against the chair purposely. Elsie turned and looked towards me with her hand still resting on Charlie Thurkow's forehead.

She beckoned to me to go to them, and I saw at once that he was much weaker. She was stroking his hair gently. She either gave me credit for great discernment, or she did not care what I thought.

I saw that the time had come for me to fulfill my promise to the brigadier, and went out of the open window to send one of the sentinels for him.

As I was speaking to the man I heard the clatter of horse's feet, and a Sikh rode hard into the Palace square. I went towards him, and he recognizing me, handed me a note which he extracted from the folds of his turban.

I opened the paper and read it by the light of the moon. My heart gave a leap in my throat. It was from Fitz. News at last from Capoo.

"We have got it under," he wrote. "I am coming down to help you. Shall be with you almost as soon as the bearer."

As I walked back towards the hospital the brigadier came running behind me, and caught me up as I stepped in by the window.

I had neither time nor inclination just then to tell him I had news from Capoo. The Sikh no doubt brought official dispatches which would reach their destination in due course. And in the meantime Charlie Thurkow was dying.

We stood round that bed and waited silent, emotionless for the angel. Charlie knew only too well that the end was very near.

From time to time he smiled rather wearily at one or the other of us, and once over his face there came that strange look of a higher knowledge which I have often noted, as if he knew something that we did not—something which he had been forbidden to tell us.

While we were standing there the matting of the window was pushed aside, and Fitz came softly into the dimly lighted room. He glanced at me, but attempted no sort of salutation.

I saw him exchange a long silent look with Elsie, and then he took his station at the bedside next to Elsie, and opposite to the brigadier, who never looked up.

Charlie Thurkow recognized him, and gave him one of those strangely patronising smiles. Then he turned his sunken eyes towards Elsie. He looked at her with a gaze that became more and more fixed. We stood there for a few minutes—then I spoke.

"He is dead," I said.

The brigadier raised his eyes and looked across to Fitz. For a second these two men looked down into each other's souls, and I suppose Fitz had his reward.

I suppose the brigadier had paid his debt in full. I had been through too many painful scenes to wish to prolong this. So I turned away, and a general move was the result.

Then I saw that Elsie and Fitz had been standing hand in hand all the while.

So wags the world.

THE GREAT GAS INDUSTRY.—The artificial gas interest of this country is an exceedingly important and extensive one. There are in the neighborhood of 1280 cities and towns of the United States lighted in large part by manufactured gas. In addition there are thousands of homes in which gas is being largely, if not wholly, employed for cooking and heating purposes. About $600,000,000 is invested in gas works property in this country, and the gas interest is perhaps second in importance only to the investment in railroad properties.

The gas industries propose to hold an exposition at Madison Square Garden, New York City, opening on January 27th, 1897 and holding for two weeks. At this exposition will be shown every practical apparatus and appliance which enters into the manufacture or distribution of gas as an illuminating or heating agent.

One of the features of the Exposition will be cooking demonstrations both afternoon and evening, two competent demonstrators having been secured for this work.

A gas tower of large dimensions has been arranged for and will be one of the great curiosities at the fair; consisting of an extremely ornamental and most brilliantly illuminated spectacular piece, the dimensions of which will be twenty feet at the base, and running to a height of fifty-five feet, on which will be artistically arranged about 2500 gas jets.

Evidently the gas people propose to demonstrate to the public that their product is capable of producing equal, if not superior lighting effects to those claimed for the electric light.

ORIGIN OF "BROTHER JONATHAN."—When Washington, after being appointed general commander of the army of the Revolutionary War, came to Massachusetts to organise it, and make preparations for the defence of the country, he found a great want of ammunition and other means necessary to meet the powerful foe he had to contend with, and great difficulty to obtain them.

If attacked in such a condition the cause at once might be hopeless. On this occasion, at that anxious period, a consultation of the officers and others were had, when it seemed no way could be devised to make such preparations as were necessary.

Jonathan Trumbull was then governor of the State of Connecticut, and the general, who placed the greatest reliance on his judgment and aid remarked:

"We must consult brother Jonathan on the subject."

The general did so, and the governor was successful in supplying many of the wants of the army.

When difficulties afterwards arose, and the army was spread over the country, it became a by-word, "We must consult Brother Jonathan."

The term Yankee is still applied to a portion; but "Brother Jonathan" has now become a designation of the whole country, as John Bull has for England

---

WARM ALTERNATIVE.—In some parts of Canada the recurrence of broiled salmon, boiled salmon, salmon cutlets, and salmon steak at every meal becomes, after a few weeks, a trifle monotonous.

To the native palate, brought up on it and to the manner born, this constant reappearance of the self same dish is a matter of course; but to the newly-arrived immigrant or tourist it grows at last into a feeble joke.

"Is there nothing else for breakfast?" said one such victim of colonial hospitality at a backwoods inn, as a whole fish and a pot of mustard were laid before him on the table.

"Nothing else!" replied the host, in surprise.

"Why, there's salmon enough there for six, ain't there?"

"Yes," responded the guest mildly; "but I don't care for salmon."

"Well, then, pitch into the mustard!"

IT is as to easy to deceive ourselves without our perceiving it, as it is difficult to deceive others without their perceiving it.

At Home and Abroad.

According to Mr. H. M. Stanley, within the last ten years France has acquired of Equatorial Africa about 300,000 square miles; Germany, 400 000 square miles; Italy, 547,000 square miles; while Portugal has a defined territory extending over 710,000 square miles. France, moreover, has been active farther north, and claims rights over 1 600 000 square miles; and Germany, in South-west Africa and the Cameroons, asserts her rule over 540 000 square miles.

The habit of saving is universal in France. In the schools the children are taught to save money, and the most frequent prize given to a bright pupil is a savings bank book with a small sum to the credit of the owner. This is given where in this country we should probably give a medal or a book. When a community has a lot of money deposited in savings banks it is easy to borrow money without going to outside capitalists. The local banks are always prepared to lend at a moderate interest.

A hygienist has been collecting statistics in regard to the life of the dwellers on various levels. He finds that those whose occupations or poverty require them to live in cellars die first, as might readily be supposed; next come those who live on the third and fourth floors; next those on the ground floor, while the tenements of the first or second floor enjoy the longest period of existence. The purer air of the upper stories is overbalanced by the exertion of climbing the stairs, the average being a little over two years' earlier death.

A physician who has been investigating the comparative length of life of married and single men states that among single men between the ages of 30 and 45 the death rate is 27 per cent., while among married men between the same ages it is only 18 per cent. For forty-one bachelors who live to be 40 years of age, seventy-eight married men arrive at the same period. At 60 years of age there are twenty-two bachelors to forty-eight married men; at 70 there are eleven bachelors to twenty seven who who were married; and by the time they reach 90 the married men are three to one, for there are nine of them to every three bachelors.

A novel idea in telephone practice has been put into execution by a New England company. A letter has been sent to all the physicians in Newhaven stating that in many cases of sudden attacks of illness a telephone from the house of a patient to the residence of a physician would be of the greatest value.

To meet this need the company announced that, upon the request of a person in the city limits, endorsed by the physician attendant, a telephone would be placed in the house for a period of thirty days for the sum of five dollars; and, if the family wished them to continue the service, the same rates would be made for each succeeding month.

A new invention for protecting ships against the attacks of torpedoes has been devised by an American engineer; but a description of it and its working gives the impression that it is too complicated to be relied upon. It is called the "Octopian," the motive power being magneto-electrical, while the inboard machinery for working the arrangement consists, briefly, of a double automatic windlass, capable of stopping, hoisting, lowering it. The device can, perhaps, best be described as a curtain which may be lowered or hoisted in from ten to fifteen seconds. No part of it is exposed, and no part offers a solid resistance to the torpedo, which instead of exploding is embedded in the curtain. Then highly magnetised tentacles are put out, and instantly grasp and lock round the torpedo, their vice-like grip being only released by shutting off the current. An indicator on board illustrates the precise spot where the torpedo is held, and even shows at what depth.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Our Young Folks.

THE MERMAID'S PURSE.

BY F. L. G.

EDITH and Fluff could not decide what to do with their sixpences. At last they almost quarreled: each wanted to buy everything, and so they could buy nothing.

Then they went off to the beach for the afternoon with Miss Brown, and little Roly, and the white sunshade, and the camp stool and the book.

After a few minutes' shell gathering, they rushed to Mrs. Brown, with her bright hair flying in the wind. "Oh! here is another mermaid's purse."

Little Ina, the carpenter's child down from London, sat watching from her folding chair in the shadow of the boat house. She was very fanciful.

She had been reading fairy tales out of one old book all the time she was ill after her fall. These children at a distance were great company to her, for she saw them on the beach every day; and she heard their play and laughter, and knew their [illegible].

They wore navy blue with brass buttons, and their hair was golden. Being lonely and fanciful, she had a name for them—"the blue and gold children."

Ina tried to sit straight up when the blue and gold children called out that they had found another mermaid's purse. Were mermaids real, then? Did they come up on the shore and lose their purses?

The lady under the white parasol looked at her, and smiled. Then—Ina could hardly believe her own eyes—one of the blue and gold children came running to her.

"Miss Brown says, would you like a mermaid's purse?" And she laid in Ina's lap a little oblong, black case, with a twisted spike out of each corner. There was a hole at one end large enough for Fluff to put her finger in.

Ina flushed with delight. "Thank you; but don't you want it for yourself?"

"Oh no," said Fluff, "we can get more." And she nodded good bye merrily, and ran away.

Soon Miss Brown herself came over with the white parasol and talked to Ina, and the children gathered shells till her apron was full.

Master Roly—or, as they called him, Roly Poly—even brought a heavy rope of nasty wet seaweed trailing after him, as a grand present.

"No, Roland," said Miss Brown, "you must not give the little girl that. Now, do you know, children, Mrs. Bunce at the cottage has told me this dear little girl has been ill; she fell on the stairs in the dusk, and was very much hurt.

"And she did not care in the least how she suffered, because she saved her little baby brother who was in her arms. He was not hurt—he did not even cry. Was not that it, Ina?" she said kindly.

Ina only smiled, and the tears came into her eyes.

"Oh! do bring the baby out to-morrow," cried Edith. "I love babies."

"Is it nice, or does it squall?" said Fluff, as if she would like to make sure first.

Ina told them he was the nicest baby that ever was; but she could not bring him out to-morrow, because he was in London, and she was lodging alone at the end cottage; and "Oh!" she said, looking up at Miss Brown, "I do miss baby and mother so much."

"How old is the little brother?" was the next question.

Ina said he was a year old the day after to-morrow, and she had meant baby to have such a nice birthday; and if she had not come to the seaside she would have given him a pair of little red shoes, but——

She was nervous and shy in talking to the strangers, and when she spoke of the little red shoes her voice trembled; and then she sent all the shells rattling, and bent down and hid her face with her hands and her apron.

She was too weak to stop crying easily, and Miss Brown could not comfort her. Master Roly Poly, too, went off by himself and tumbled into a pool of water, and had to be fished out; so the blue and gold children were taken home at once.

Miss Brown, in passing, sent the good woman of the cottage down to Ina; and in the afternoon, when Mrs. Bunce brought round the fresh eggs, the children and Miss Brown heard why "poor little Christine" was fretting.

She had put by three shillings, all in coppers, making all kinds of little sacrifices to save pence and halfpence during the last twelve months.

It was for baby's first birthday present; and she had chosen lately in a shop window near home a little pair of red shoes marked two and elevenpence three shillings.

Alas! for Ina's two and elevenpence three farthings—she gave it to her parents, without ever saying what she had saved it for, when they were denying themselves all they could to get her small outfit ready, and to take a friend's offer of sending her to the seaside.

The three shillings could not be kept; but Ina often grieved as the birthday came near, now that the little red shoes could never, never be bought.

In the sunny evening Ina lay on the sofa just inside the open window of the cottage. After tea, Mrs. Bunce had told her the wind was rising, and there were white horses far out on the sea. Ina felt too tired to ask questions, and too weak to sit up and look out for the horses.

She did not know that the foamy crests of the waves are the "white horses" of the sea.

It was a wonderful world! and if the lady with the parasol came to speak to her again, she would ask about everything she wanted to know—about the horses that she could never see, though Mrs. Bunce saw them, and about the mermaids, and what sort of money would be in the purse if it had not been empty. There had been a picture of mermaids in her fairy book, with a rhyme under it.

Ina was thinking of this as she fell asleep, with the little black oblong "purse" in her hand, her shells ranged on the window in the wide space between the geranium pots, and the sound of the sea lulling her just as the mother's song lulled the baby at home.

She began to think of white horses far out on the waves, prancing down, down, down into deep places, dragging the fishes and the bubbles after them, among shells and seaweed.

After that, she thought the moon was shining and all the surface of the water was sparkling. And when she went down to the beach, quite well and strong, what did she see, in her own folding chair boat house, but a mermaid dressed in sea green and silver, and combing her long hair with a coral comb?

She was singing the rhyme about the silver scales and the waggling tails, and beating time, not with her foot, for she had no feet, but with her large fish tail, which peeped out under the hem of her robe.

Ina curtseyed. "If you please did you lose a purse?"

"We always lose our purses," said the mermaid calmly. "We throw them away after shopping."

"Oh! do you go shopping?"

"Yes, under the sea. When our purses are empty they float up to the top, and the children find them on the shore. Now, little girl, when you go shopping, what do you do?"

"I don't go," said Ina. "I wish I could."

"And if you could, what would you buy?"

"A little pair of red shoes," said Ina; "but I have no money."

"Wait a minute," said the mermaid; and she plunged into the sea, and, swimming about, picked up the bits of sparkling moonlight from the water.

When she brought it to Ina, it was all silver money, and she filled the purse and poured heaps more into Ina's apron.

"Oh! thank you, dear mermaid," said Ina. "Father and mother will be quite rich, and I shall buy the little red shoes."

"Good-night," said the mermaid, and went swimming away.

Ina ran back to the cottage; but all the silver in her apron was gone, and it was only wet with sea water.

She awoke disappointed, lying on the sofa. Mrs. Bruce was drawing the curtains, and lighting the lamp. So it was only a dream.

Ina still had the mermaid's purse in her hand. She gave a cry of joy. There was something in it. One—two shillings—and two sixpences.

Mrs. Bruce did not know how the money came there, and Ina never knew.

But the very next morning a letter with a postal order went to London, and the little red shoes were bought.

If anyone had been passing the cottage in the warm evening, before the window was closed, a lady with a white sunshade might have been seen standing outside, with two little girls and a very small boy. One of the little girls was lifted to the window sill to slip the mermaid's purse out of Ina's hand; then both girls put their sixpences into the purse, and the lady put in two shillings.

The second little girl had the privilege of being held up, to lean in at the window and put the purse into Ina's hand again. And lastly, Master Roly Poly would have a look, and climbed up, and was very near upsetting a geranium pot, and spoiling everything.

Afterwards they often saw Ina while she was getting strong and well. Miss Brown told her one day that what the people on some coasts call a mermaid's purse is only the egg-case of a kind of fish.

But never did anyone tell her where the silver came from; and when she spoke of the baby brother and the little red shoes, "the blue and gold children" looked at each other and smiled, and Fluff put her finger to her lips.

THE FACE AS AN INDEX TO HEALTH.—The face is a good index of the state of one's physical being, and from it symptoms of disease can be detected almost before the patient is aware that anything serious is the matter with him.

For instance, incomplete exposure of the eyelids, rendering the whites of the eyes visible during sleep, is a symptom of all acute and chronic diseases of a severe type; it is also to be observed when rest is unsound from pain, wherever seated.

Twitching of the eyelids, associated with the oscillation of the eyelids, or squinting, heralds the visit of convulsions.

Widening of the orifices of the nose with movements of the nostrils to and fro point to embarrassed breathing from disease of the lungs or their pleural investment.

Contraction of the brows indicates pain in the head, sharpness in the nostrils, pain in the chest, and a drawn upper lip, pain in the abdomen.

To make a general rule, it may be stated that the upper third of the face is altered in expression in affections of the brain, the lower third in the diseases of organs contained in the abdominal cavity.

THE BURNING OF A SUN.—In December, 1891, the astronomers beheld the most wonderful sight that has ever greeted mortal eyes.

They were watching the queer antics of a star of the ninth magnitude, when all at once it flamed up like a smouldering brush pile to which new fuel had just been added.

Within forty-eight hours its brilliancy increased sixteenfold, and then the star slowly disappeared from view. The astronomers believe that what they saw was a sun "burning up."

The final flash which they saw probably left the doomed orb, twenty or even fifty years ago. It is a well-known fact that there are stars removed from us by distances so great that they might have been wiped out of existence a hundred years ago and the light still be coming to us through space.

SPRAINED ANKLES.—From time to time one hears of different means of caring for sprained ankles, turned ankles, twisted wrists, etc.; but the way now in vogue, says a medical journal, seems to give better results than any in the past.

It is generally within an hour after the accident that advice is sought. The patient is suffering very severely, and wants very much to know if "anything is broken."

After examination, order the part to be bathed in very hot water every hour or two for about fifteen minutes at a time.

Have the water as hot as the patient can bear it, and apply with a sponge or cloth, rather than allow the ankle to lie in the water. Then dry, and let the part rest quietly, wrapped in flannel.

Before retiring, apply a flannel bandage tightly round the swollen part, only being careful that the circulation is not impeded.

It is surprising how the hot applications relieve the pain and produce absorption, and how the bandage, by pressure, prevents swelling and inflammation.

THE PROFIT OF GRATITUDE.—Now give thanks. The fact of thanks is a profit to the giver of them. They cheat his imagination if he is poor, and bless his wealth if he is rich. They lift him from the misery of sickness and give him the appreciation of health if he is well. And now let good heart wait on sound stomach, and health and wealth on both.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

In Paris, diphtheria is said to have been communicated by telephone.

In Roumania there are taxes on female servants and on doorplates.

A house well built of the best brick will outlast one constructed of granite.

A man recently took out a patent for a buttonhole in a serviette, so that it might be attached to a vest button.

Every day the Thames has scooped out of its banks 1 500 tons of matter, or more than half a million tons a year.

The tusks of the walrus were the first ice anchors. The instruments of this description used by seamen in Arctic regions are modelled after walrus tusks.

The archduchess Elizabeth, daughter of the Crown Princess Stephanie of Austria, is said to be the owner of the smallest dog in the world. It weighs about half a pound, and can rest comfortably in the palm of the hand.

The seagirt counties of England and Wales are twenty-nine in number. All of them, except Cornwall, Devon, Northumberland, and Cumberland, are being eaten into by the sea. In some cases the inroads are very serious, owing to the soft nature of the rocks.

In Belgium all bicycles are taxed, and bear an enamelled shield, with a distinctive number and the arms and name of the State which grants the license. The cost of a license in the States of Brabant and Flanders is ten francs per annum, and is applied to the maintenance of the roads.

The lines on no two human hands are exactly alike. This fact is utilised in China in an interesting way. When a traveler desires a passport, the palm of his hand is covered with fine oil paint and an impression is taken on thin, damp paper. This paper, officially signed, is his passport.

In Naples there exists a race of cats which live in the churches. They are kept and fed by the authorities on purpose to eat the mice which infest all old buildings there. The animals may often be seen walking about among the congregation, or sitting gravely before the altar during time of Mass.

The flower which has the greatest diversity in shades of color is said to be the carnation. Its blossoms may be pure white, lemon, yellow, salmon, terra-cotta, pink, rose, scarlet, red, maroon, brown, bluish purple, gray, and all intermediate shades, besides the innumerable combinations in the variegated flowers.

Japan is going to build up her commercial navy by giving subsidies to shipbuilders for every ton above one thousand and to shipowners for all ships of one thousand tons that can make ten knots an hour, the subsidy being increased for every hundred tons' additional burthen or every knot additional speed.

The silk that comes from the looms of Japan compares in gloss and fineness with any in the world, and Japanese crapes have a reputation in almost every market for softness of beauty and harmony of color; but, for substantial wear, for lasting quality, the silk goods of China are most favorably known to the merchants of all lands.

A candle has recently been brought out which extinguishes itself after it has burned for an hour. This it does by means of a tiny extinguisher of tin, which is fastened in the wax by wires, and which effectually performs its task. It is only necessary to remove this diminutive extinguisher when its work is done, and the candle is again ready to burn another hour.

The large grosbeaks of South Africa live in a large societies. They select a tree of considerable size, and literally cover it with a grass roof, under which their common dwelling is constructed. The roof serves the double purpose of keeping off the heat and the rain, and 400 or 500 pairs of birds are known to have the same shelter. The nests in this aerial dwelling are built in regular streets.

The archer fish possesses the curious property of being able to shoot drops of water from its mouth with extraordinary accuracy to considerable distances. This singular faculty is of use to the animal in securing its food. A fly or small insect passing over the water has very little chance of escape from the deadly aim of the archer fish. The drop of water brings down the insect, which is then incontinently devoured.

There are now six sanitariums in Germany at which consumptives are treated by constant exposure to air at a low temperature. Currents of cold air are allowed to pass through the bedroom at night, and during the day as much of the time is spent in the open air as possible. The pure cold air quiets cough, lessens temperature, arrests night sweats, improves appetite, and modifies or arrests the course of the disease.

An orange tree, it is said, will bear fruit until it is one hundred and fifty years old; and there are recorded instances of orange trees bearing fruit when five hundred years old. In Malta and Naples fifteen thousand oranges have been picked from a single tree, and one in the Sandwich Islands was estimated to bear twenty thousand. In two instances in Southern Europe thirty-eight thousand were picked from one tree.

HAD YOU NOT TAUGHT ME.

BY W. W. L.

Had you not taught me from your eyes,
Brighter than stars at early morn,
All this sweet rapture in my heart,
To love would never have been born.

Had you not taught me from your eyes,
My soul to this new glory ne'er had moved;
O radiant eyes of purest innocence,
You told me the secret—and I loved.

COMIC ANIMALS.

The list of comic animals is not very long, and the comic elements in each are by no means the same in kind or evenly distributed. Those animals which have some particular feature greatly exaggerated do not necessarily raise a smile, any more than a vulgar caricature which depends for its comic element on the enlargement of a nose or a stomach is necessarily amusing.

There are several creatures which seem to have been made for this "low-comedy line," but are far less funny than others that, like the prairie-dogs, are quite pretty so far as form and features go. The obviously comic creatures, with no reserve of intention to back up first impressions, are the "long-nosed monkey" and those other quadrumana whose legs, tails, beards, or mouths are exaggerated caricatures of human members; yet the monkeys are not by any means the most humorous of animals to look upon.

In a list of the animals which are always mirth-provoking the sources of amusement caused in each case are curiously different. Young puppies when just learning to walk are invariably comic. Their noses are square and blunt, their youthful faces wrinkled and lined, their eyes weak and bleared, and their voices cracked and squeaky. This gives the appearance of age in very young creatures, and as they are round, fat, and have large feet, they are not at all unlike little hippopotami—an instance of animal caricaturing animal.

Frogs and toads, but especially the former, and pre-eminently the German and Dutch frogs, have their special vein of comicality, due to their staring eyes, consequential, stupid mouths, fat stomachs, and sticking out elbows. There has been a consensus of human opinion about the frog's appearance from Æsop and the authors of "The Battle of the Frogs and Mice," to Mr. Ruskin, in his remarks on Bewick's little picture of the frog, underneath which the old engraver had written, "Set them up with a king indeed!"

Pigs, especially happy pigs, when not too fat, but only "well liking," and free to wander in a big yard and forage for themselves, are almost the most comic of animals. Almost all the necessary elements are present—fat bodies and fat cheeks, twinkling eyes, tightly curling tails, short, turned-up noses, voices capable of expressing in a grunt intense greedy self-satisfaction, curiosity, and all forms of squeaks and squeals for surprise, fear and panic.

The writer recently watched a family of young pigs, about 18 inches long, just turned out to spend the morning in a meadow, and returned convinced that there was not a moment at which their appearance and behavior was not too comical for description. Each flower and weed was tasted by the little pigs with the air of a connoisseur trying a new dish, and when they found a horse lying asleep taking its Sunday rest the whole litter stood in a semicircle round its head as if grouped to sing in a pantomime.

Pigs are so funny, and every one so thoroughly recognizes the fact now, that it seems rather odd that the discovery should be so recent. There is plenty of allusion to the pig as a filthy, ugly creature in the East, and many old English anecdotes of their cunning and knowing ways about weather and food, but except the pig-selling scene in "The Acharnians," which is sadly wanting in humor, there is hardly any early recognition of the comicality of pigs. The reason is that it is only the modern improved common pig that is comical. His alone are the round stern, the curly tail, the short nose, the dumpling cheeks, and the fine high spirits. The wretched greyhound pig of the East, or of the unimproved breeds of Europe, has not an atom of humor in him.

Even a young wild boar is a glum little fellow, only growing lively as he grows hungry. We owe the "comic pig" to the encouragement of the Smithfield show and the Royal Agricultural Society. But there is room for difference as to the humorous side of animal life in creatures which are not domesticated and have never changed.

The owl is a case in point. The Greeks looked upon him as a grave and wise bird, and assigned him to Athene. We think his appearance comic, and in common talk the owl represents a bewildered, rather dense person, who cannot see the obvious. Though the Greek revered the owl, Hindoo feeling is exactly the same as ours. To call a stupid servant "ooloo"—"you owl!"—would convey exactly the same meaning in India as it would here.

A physical explanation is just possible. We and the Hindoos think of the night owl, a bird bewildered by light. Athene's owls, which are now sold in large numbers in cities as pets, are little, wideawake ground-owls, able to see by day as well as by night. Most people who have watched penguins hopping on the ground will own that when moving they are irresistibly funny. Their little wings, like fat hands without arms, round white waistcoats, short necks, and short legs with little, flat, black feet, make them like a bird type of Mr. Pickwick.

Their only movement is a series of hops, with the head bent nervously forward as if they were afraid of falling—which they are—and their little wings stuck out on each side to balance them. Of course the penguin has not the least notion that it is funny or amusing, and is as uncomfortable as a Chinese lady trying to walk across a rice-field.

The element of comicality is distributed among animals of other species in a curiously arbitrary fashion. All the bears, for instance, are comic, except the polar-bear, which is only amusing when taking its bath. No grown-up dogs, on the other hand, are comical, except the Dutch pug, which being fat, goggle-eyed, asthmatic, and consequential, caricatures the pig, and suggests a human being of similar tendencies. But comicality depends quite as much on action as on shape. There is nothing ludicrous in the appearance of prairie dogs, yet they are intensely comic, mainly because of their exaggerated earnestness of demeanor. Their every action, whether keeping watch as sentry, or collecting straw for their beds, might be labelled "most important," and the contrast between "matter and manner" enhances the joke. No cat is ever comical; from the lion to the kitten they are dignified when at rest, and pretty or amusing, but not comic, when at play.

Grains of Gold.

Be like an excellent harvest, good and generous.

Cheerful giving always makes the giver rich.

It is better to be right and poor, than wrong and rich.

Don't try to be an assistant book keeper to the recording angel.

The noontide sun is dark, and music discord, when the heart is low.

The man dies well, who dies with the consciousness that he has done his best.

Having nothing to do with a little sin, or you will soon be in the power of a big one.

It is doubtful if the church loafer weighs any more for good than a loafer anywhere else.

When men cease to be faithful to their God, he who expects to find them so to each other will be much disappointed.

Femininities.

The best paste for scrap-books is made with corn-flour, but not too thick.

The more a young man notices how his girl's hair is done up the less he loves her.

Peggy: I'd go to Brown's oftener to get my hair done, but you've to wait so long. Elisa: Why don't you tell them to send it?

"The honeymoon is all well enough," said the prudent belle; "but what I want to see beyond that is the promise of a fine harvest-moon."

Oatmeal-porridge is one of the most indigestible things in the world if not boiled long enough. It should be boiled and stirred at least one hour.

Mrs. Trivvet: Miss Elder is trying to make a new woman of herself. Mrs. Dicer: Is she? Mrs. Trivvet: Yes; she has already knocked fifteen years off her age.

"Doctor, why is it that people are generally so much more pleased with boy-babies than with girls?" "Nothing simpler, madam. A boy-baby never comes amiss."

She: No, George; I like you, but I can never be your wife. He, haughtily: Never mind; there are others. She: I know there are, George. I accepted one this morning.

A first-rate ointment for rheumatism is made of ten parts of salicylic acid, ten parts of lanolin and one hundred parts of lard. Rub a little well into the part affected.

Dr. A.: By-the-way, how is your patient getting on? Dr. B.: He makes capital progress; I am only waiting for him to settle an account before I tell him he is quite well.

Elderly coquette: Just imagine! My maid took three-quarters of an hour to curl my hair this morning. Her dearest friend: Why didn't you take a walk in the meantime?

"We mean to try a penny social at the church next time," said Mrs. Watts. "And what's that?" asked Mr. Watts. "Every woman gives a penny for every year of her age."

Arnica is valuable for some people's skins in case of great fatigue or a bruise, but produces erysipelas in others. In any case the application should not be covered, but left open to the air.

In many towns of Belgium schools still exist where girls are taught, from the age of five years, how to make lace. When ten years old, they are said to be able to earn their own livelihood.

Mr. Jinks: I don't know how you will feel about it, sir, but the fact is that my wife, your daughter, is a dreadful hard woman to live with. Mr. Blinks: I can sympathise with you, sir. I married her mother.

In case of persons fainting in church, or in any other crowded building where it is difficult to get them out, place the head down between the knees, so as to get the head below the heart; this assists the blood to run back to the brain, where it is needed.

A lady who had been taken ill, and who wished to spare herself the annoyance of visitors' calling on her "At home" day, sent a card round to her friends with this inscription—"Mrs. C., being unable to leave her bed through illness, will not be at home next Wednesday as usual."

According to Chinese history the custom of small feet among the women of that people originated several centuries back, when a large body of women rose against the Government and endeavored to overthrow it. To prevent the recurrence of such an event the use of wooden shoes, so small as to disable them, was enforced upon all female infants.

Little girl: Do you say your prayers every night?

Little boy: Yes.

Little girl: And does your mamma say hers?

Little boy: Yes.

Little girl: And does your daddy?

Little boy: No; he doesn't need to. It's almost daylight when he gets to bed.

A very simple treatment will cause an old straw hat, which appears too dusty and dirty to be worn again, quite bright and fresh. A piece of lump sugar, or a tablespoonful of granulated sugar, should be dissolved in three tablespoonfuls of water. The water should then be rubbed freely on the hat, and allowed to soak in, it being applied with a brush or a sponge. At first the hat will be limp and soft, but if it is allowed to dry well in the air and sunshine the straw becomes fresh and stiff again. The brim can be pressed into any new shape before the straw is quite dry.

Everybody ought to know that the very best thing he can do is to eat apples just before going to bed. The apple has remarkably efficacious medicinal properties. It is an excellent brain food, because it has more phosphoric acid in easily digested shape than other fruits. It excites the action of the liver, promotes sound and healthy sleep, and thoroughly disinfects the mouth. It helps the kidney secretions and prevents calculous growths, while it relieves indigestion, and is one of the best preventives known for diseases of the throat. No harm can come to even a delicate system by the eating of ripe and juicy apples before retiring for the night.

Masculinities.

The best memory is the one that knows how to forget judiciously.

How is it that a man always shouts in a high voice when he uses low language?

Hoax: I hear you are very attentive to Miss Glass. Joax: Yes; she's all broken up on me. Hoax: Cut you, eh?

Anastasius Havemyer Aldrich Lucas Langdon Bishop Nicholas, of New York, is dead, at the early age of 21 months.

The average man thinks that his reputation as a kind father has been firmly established if the baby cries to come to him.

Polly: Have you given him any opportunities to propose? Helen: Yes; but I couldn't tell him they were opportunities.

When a girl tells a young man that she dreamed about him the night before it is high time for him to begin to be very careful.

My advice to all men is, that if ever they become hipped and melancholy to look at both sides of the question, applying a magnifying glass to the best one.

Bedfordshire has a Magistrate 97 years of age, and still in active service, who recently on the occasion of the dedication of some new church bells in his parish, climbed to the top of the belfry.

On a clear day an object raised 1 foot above a level plain can be seen 1·31 miles; one 10 feet high, 4·15 miles; one 33 feet high, 8·00 miles; one 100 feet high, 13·1 miles, and one a mile high (as the top of a mountain), almost 96 miles.

"Well," remarked the wife of the man who had changed his mind about coming to Congress, "you have a clear conscience, anyhow." "I know that," was the comfortless reply; "but a clear conscience isn't what I was running for."

This was the most singular announcement to be seen recently outside a certain suburban place of worship—"This evening the Rev. Mr. X. will preach his farewell sermon, and the choir will render a thanksgiving specially composed for the occasion."

The Rev. Miles Grant, of Boston, thinks he has solved the problem of living. He is a strict vegetarian, and never uses meat, pies, cakes, tea, coffee, sugar, salt or spices. His daily food is unleavened graham bread, vegetables, cheese and milk, and he says that he lives well at a cost of 37 cents a week, the result being that he is healthy and strong.

Mr. F.: What's the matter, Brown? Mr. Brown: Matter? Why, my wife's mother is coming to stay a month with us.

Mr. F.: My wife's mother has only visited us once. That was when we were first married.

Mr. Brown: Lucky man! When is she coming again?

Mr. F.: I can't tell; she has not finished her first visit yet.

According to the results of recent investigations, yawning is the most natural form of respiratory exercise, bringing into action all the respiratory muscles of the chest and neck. It is, therefore, recommended that every person should have a good yawn, with stretching of the limbs, morning and evening, for the purpose of ventilating the lungs and strengthening the muscles of respiration.

The word whiskers is derived from whisk, and the Anglo-Saxon wisch, which means a slight brush. Less than a century ago the expression was unheard of; the whiskers as well as the mustache being spoken of as part of the beard. It was only when according to the fashion the latter was divided, and the true whiskers disappeared as well, that their name was changed to the mutton-chop part of the beard left on the cheek.

Caricaturists when depicting a German are in the habit of putting a big pipe in his mouth. The pipe is national, indeed, but the Germans as a nation are far from being the greatest smokers. They do not smoke more than Frenchmen, Russians, Swedes or Hungarians. The men of the United States and of Switzerland are the most inveterate smokers of all, the consumption of tobacco per head in these two countries being three times greater than in Germany.

"Mabel," said her father, after Mr. Stalate had left, just in time to catch the car, "that young man owns stock in the gas company, does he not?"

"Yes."

"And he is also heavily interested in the coal trade?"

"I believe so."

"Well, hereafter he must be must be reminded that his departure is due at ten p. m. I am convinced that his devotion to you is not disinterested."

A man was visiting a Scotch lunatic asylum where new premises were being added. The inmates were assisting. On seeing one of the latter wheeling a barrow upside down from the building to the stones the visitor asked him why he wheeled it in that manner. "Oh," said the lunatic, "that's the best way." The visitor took the barrow, and, turning it upside down, said, "This is the proper way." "That's a' you ken," said the inmate; "I tried it that way, but they filled it fu' o' bricks." So saying, he trotted on his usual way.

Latest Fashion Phases.

The cool days bring out many unique shapes in short capes and collarettes, both with and without stole ends, fur boas and necklets in various combications of lace and velvet. One novelty is a cape of sable cut in deep round scallops on the bottom and around the high collar, and edged around with cream lace, falling not more than an inch below.

White brocade ribbon traced with floral paillettes is used for belts and waist trimmings.

Alpaca petticoats, with ruffles of the same bound with satin of a contrasting color, are very pretty and much more durable than silk.

Boleros of finely tucked silk in any color you choose are one of the features of dress, and black velvet boleros, covered with an applique of white satin sleeves outlined with cord and steel, are made to wear with different bodices.

A pretty front for a red cloth bodice is made of ecru lace insertion, held together by black velvet ribbon.

The latest Parisian fashion of dressing the hair shows the chignon quite high on the head, so much so, in fact, that it entirely disappears beneath the crown of the hat. Waving the hair is as popular as ever, and it is arranged so as to be very loose and fluffy about the face, and is held in place at the back with pretty curved combs. The pompadour front is worn, and can be made becoming to almost every face with a few curling locks to fall on the forehead.

The new combination undergarments are very attractive with an extra belt of pink merino, which extends from the bust well below the waist. This gives warmth where it is needed, and the pink and white mixture is very pretty.

For ordinary everyday wear, men's outfitters tell us, the fancy colored shirt bosom, with white collar and cuffs, will obtain all through the winter. Heretofore these shirts have only "obtained" through the summer.

The recognized finish to every well made skirt is a narrow inside foot frill, pinked at either edge, which should be caught to the facing every few inches.

Skirts of black and white striped silk are just now desirable and economical, while they are appropriate and harmonious, worn either with black or white chiffon bodices.

New gowns fit the hips like a riding habit and even if they are very full they are laid in plaits from the waist to the bottom of the skirt.

The variety in colored trimmings is unusually large, and in many black is introduced. The use of tiny shells for ornamental purposes is a new idea. The shells are variously colored, and are very effective.

Favorable for bridal gowns of satin, moire, brocaded silk, or any other of the materials devoted to such services are pearl trimmings, passementeries, or pearl embroidered hatbands. In some of the newest trimmings of this kind the pearls have a dull, satiny gloss, which adds much to the richness of their appearance.

Navy blue is to be one of the favorite colors for the cold season, just as it has for ages past, and is likely to be for very many more.

Some new autumn bonnets are a wreath of very naturally imitated autumn leaves with a black and white aigrette at the side. There is not much of a headgear, but what there is is very effective.

Beau Brummel will be interested in knowing that trousers are to be cut narrow and more straight than last season, and with no suspicion of spring over in step. The style is described as "severely army and navy."

New importations of fans for full dress occasions show a tendency to return to the very large ones that were in vogue a few years ago. Something new in fans are those with jeweled sticks. The latter, it may be superfluous to state, cannot be had at the department stores.

Velvet gowns are to be among the smartest of the costumes worn this winter. Of course not for every-day use, but for regular dress affairs. They are made invariably quite long, and are extremely handsome. The quieter ones are only trimmed with black or jet, and have the full vest front of some rich satin or brocade; but there are also most wonderful specimens displayed which are embroidered in white.

As to color, a shade of reddish heliotrope and bright green are among the popular, while brown in various shades is used for costumes, wraps and millinery. There is a great deal of mixing of colors going on in the sanctums of the most successful designers. Contrasts are the rule, and some of them are so violent that they are almost rasping to the nerves. Black and white in the same toilette or the same material will be simply a rage during the autumn.

The feather boa is deemed the essential addition to all toilettes.

The fur pelerine is the favorite cold weather bit of outside adornment.

Braiding will be one of the new autumn fashions.

Fancy jackets, such as the bolero, figaro, and Eton, are to be worn.

In tea jackets the loose sacque shape is shown. They are less trim than the Louis Quinze shape, but extremely pretty and certainly comfortable. One has a yoke of pink velvet with a jacket of accordion plaited pink silk hanging straight from the yoke. The yoke is finished by a twist of fancy black and pink ribbon that fastens in a large bow on either side of the bust. The collar suggests the Medicis in shape, although it is made of the fancy ribbon plaited and has a lining of lace frills.

In silverwear, the "solid" classification, there is a new pickle fork, a new preserve spoon, and a square salad bowl with a round or circular interior of glass. The latter is quite the newest thing out, and is likely to find much favor as wedding presents.

New examples in rings and squares for the modern habitation of the affluent are remarkably beautiful, justifying the seemingly extravagant expressions of admiration on the part of those who see them for the first time. Those who said there is nothing new under the sun are quite prepared to admit they were mistaken.

Shirt waists are now made of striped or moire silk after the fashion of linen waists, and with adjustable white linen cuffs. The severe turnover collars are finished by a scarf of the same silk tying in a square bow with fringed ends.

Stockings woven to look like cloth gaiters are one of the novelties in hosiery, and they come in black, tan and brown, adorned with buttons up the side. Their special advantage over the gaiters is that they are more trim and do not increase the apparent size of the ankle.

Among the interesting and surprising developments of the year is the announcement by the leading costumers that the average waist is at least two inches larger than it was a year ago. This is called the bicycle waist, and its advent is hailed with delight by philanthropists and all those who are interested in the welfare of the human family.

The new ribbons are a charming mixture of brocaded and striped velvet, tinsel threads, plaids and changeable effects, and they are generously used for dress trimmings as well as millinery. Moire and taffeta ribbons with velvet stripes on the edge are very pretty, and the black brocaded velvet pattern in a light changeable ground is very effective. Then there are satin ribbons with tinsel stripes, and plain double faced ribbon with tiny frilled edges very desirable for sashes.

A hat with a crown rather higher than that of the ordinary sailor, and a stiff brim of the usual width, has a trimming of clusters of velvet loops, four quill feathers and a band around the crown.

Tulles and gauzes, according to a Paris correspondent, are to be the most fashionable materials for evening gowns for young ladies, especially those who next year are to make their social debut. Both materials are expensive, and cannot be imitated at a cheap price.

The black Alpine hat is to be generally adopted this fall and early winter to the exclusion of the white with black band. The latter is dubbed "too common."

Men's neckwear materials are bright and gay—almost lively—in color, and are made up without economy. The greens are especially conspicuous in their puffed scarfs.

Newest golf capes for women are made of the brown and black plaid, emblematic of one of the Scotch clans. They are deeper cut than last season, and silk lined.

Ribbon wound twice around the waist in a sort of corselet effect is deemed more modish than the regular sash style.

Cashmere house gowns are being made up extensively as trimmed with flowered ribbon and lace are very artistic.

Hats that are worn down over the eyes take most extraordinary bends and twists, but as a rule the result is picturesque.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Wash your glassware in two waters if it becomes dusty, using an old tooth brush to clean places which are obstinate about becoming clear. If regularly used one water is sufficient. Pour a dishpan full of hot water, and wash the glass with a clean cloth, using plenty of good soap. Keep the water hot and let the glass lie in it until hot also. Dry quickly on a dry, soft cloth. Soap is essential to secure cleanliness and brilliancy. Every little crease and projection will glitter and scintillate with varying colors, a pleasure to behold.

If table cloths and napkins are stained with peaches, berries, pears, coffee or tea, before being washed they should be spread over a small tub, pouring boiling hot water through the stains. Have plenty of it and do not be discouraged if the stain does not start at once. Try, try again. Then wash as usual. Of course the fresher the stain, the easier it will come out.

A new dish of potatoes consists of mashed potatoes and lean cooked ham. Mash half a dozen boiled potatoes, and season with butter, milk, salt and pepper. Mix with the potatoes two heaping tablespoonfuls of ham chopped very fine, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and a teaspoonful of onion juice. Beat until very light, and turn into a buttered baking dish. Smooth and scatter the top with a layer of fine stale breadcrumbs. Brown in the oven. If mashed potatoes that are left over are used for the dish, beat them again before mixing with the other ingredients.

When your fire is not in a proper condition for broiling chops, they will be found to be equally good if breaded and baked in a hot oven. Use loin or rib chops, take out the bones, roll them in as compact form as possible, and lay in a deep pan, with some of the fat trimmed from them under each one. Make a dressing from fine, stale breadcrumbs, season with salt and plenty of white and red pepper, moisten with melted butter and a beaten egg. Spread smoothly over the chops and bake until they are easily pierced with a fork and brown on the top.

To rest a pair of tired eyes hold your face over a bowl of salt and water until the lashes by winking and blinking act as a sort of sprayer. Once the salt water has reached the pupils of the eye, let it stay there. In this way you will gain a refreshing bath. By wiping the eyes much of the benefit of this dip will be lost.

Nothing so disfigures a woman's looks as a chapped skin. Soon the thermometer will take a downward turn, and then it is that the greatest care must be given to the selection and the application of cold weather unguents.

Nothing so tenders the skin as a face steam or a face bath of hot water. For this reason it is important that a pure cream be used afterwards. It acts as a defense against atmospheric action. The woman who is an aspirant for a new skin has much to learn before she can compass the many subtle moves to be taken in beauty's direction.

Housework, sweeping dusting, bed making, washing, and the incessant processes necessary to keep things bright about a house are excellent for the complexion. They also keep the spirits good and make the worker graceful, strong, and agile.

Water bottles and decanters, when stained and dirty looking, should have a few tea leaves put inside them and a little vinegar added. Shake the bottle about and let it stand for a few hours. Then empty out the vinegar and tea leaves and rinse the bottle with clean water. In cases where the stains are very bad it may be necessary to use a bottle brush.

The once humble sponge bag has become a thing of beauty under the attention of the jeweler. It is no longer of sombre rubber, but of delicately barred and striped rubber silk, lined with a plain, pale color. Instead of closing with the drawing string, which has a habit of always being damp and obstinate, it fastens with a silver or silver gilt clasp, such as the netted purses have.

Save all old silk handkerchiefs. Various are the uses they can be put to. They make better dusters for polished wood than anything one can buy. An old white silk handkerchief folded smoothly and laid over a sore caused by lying in bed has been known to give relief and heal it when nothing else would. An English ladies' maid always uses a soft silk handkerchief for stroking her mistress' hair, using it night and morning in place of a brush, and with excellent results.

Housekeepers desirous of making their own baking powder can do so with very little trouble. The following formula is one that has been used for many years: Weigh six ounces of flour and thoroughly dry it, without browning it, in the oven. Procure six ounces of the best soda and thirteen and one half ounces of cream of tartar. Add them to the dry flour and rub together half a dozen times through a sieve; then put them in air-tight jars or tin cans and keep in a dark closet, using the powder from a small jar so that it will retain its strength.

Table mats, on which to place hot dishes, are no longer used, and the heavy felt undercloth is intended to be sufficient protection for the table; but many housewives have found the top of their handsomely polished tables defaced by the marks made by the hot dishes. If a sheet of asbestos paper is put under the felt cloth the table will not be injured in the least from this cause. At teas or luncheons when the polished table is used with doylies instead of a cloth, asbestos mats may be covered with prettily embroidered doylies for the hot dishes. One of these mats covered with a doyly, which should be larger than the mat, is much prettier in use than any teapot stand that can be purchased.

To color woolen goods black use one ounce of extract of logwood and half an ounce of blue vitriol for each pound of cloth. Put the vitriol in water enough to cover the cloth, and when they are thoroughly mixed put in the cloth and let it scald twenty minutes. Then take the cloth out and throw it into clear water. Put the logwood into a vessel with sufficient water for the goods, press the water from the cloth and put it into the logwood water and scald it thirty minutes. Then take out the cloth and air well. Meanwhile put the vitriol water into the vessel with the logwood and again put in the cloth and scald it fifteen minutes longer. This will prevent the goods when pressed from rubbing off.

Hemstitching on linen is such a dainty mode of finishing table linen that the neat housewife is ever proud to have her very best tablecloths and napkins to be hemstitched. A dozen damask napkins to be hemstitched will furnish the nicest kind of "pick-up" work when one is away from home.

The towels with much worn centres make excellent wash cloths, and, if doubled and bound with tape, admirable eating bibs for small boys and girls of the family. The old towel wash cloths are much better minus hems, deep overcasting and linen floss being a more comfortable finish for the edges.

Leap Year Cake.—Whites of three eggs, one cupful of sugar, one half of a teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, one and a half cupfuls of flour. Frosting:—Twelve tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar, yolks of three eggs, beat together. Put on the cakes when warm.

Marriage Cake.—One pound of butter, one pound of flour, one pound of sugar, fourteen eggs, two pounds of currants, one pound of sultanas, one pound of mixed peel, half a pound of ground almonds, one large teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of baking-powder; beat butter and sugar to a cream, then beat eggs and add them, then add the flour, fruit, and spices and baking-powder; bake slowly for four hours—first story takes four times this quantity, second twice this quantity, third this quantity.

Apple Cake.—One pound of apples, one large tablespoonful of sugar. Peel and stew the apples in the ordinary way, and put them aside to get cold. Then take half a pound of flour, two ounces of butter or dripping, half a teaspoonful of baking powder. Rub all together and make into paste with cold water, divide the paste into two parts, and roll each round like a dinner plate. Grease an oven shelf, put one piece on it. Put the apples all in the middle of that piece, put the other piece on the top. Turn the edges under, ornament a little, brush with water, dust with sugar, and bake half an hour.

Macaroni Cakes.—One pint of peanut kernels rolled fine, half a pound of sugar, three eggs, butter the size of a walnut, eight tablespoonfuls of flour. Drop on greased tins, or roll out cut in round shape and bake. These are very good.

Unseen Hands.

BY B H O

"A SPLENDID view you have here," I remarked to the weather-beaten and venerable sexton. We stood in the wide churchyard, on the top of a high Cornish moor, to which my roamings had led me, at the end of my summer holiday.

Lonely, no doubt, and desolate would be the sight in the colder seasons of the year, with over-clouded sky, and rain blurring and blotting hills, and valleys in damp and lifeless mist; and yet more, when snow should cover the bleak slopes, and bury all things beneath a vast winding-sheet of white, ending only with the dull gray sea below.

But on this August evening, the brown and purple of the moors, patched here and there with green, and spotted with golden gorse; the white coach-road winding along the hill-side, and beyond it the bay, dancing in pale blue and white, flanked by the granite cliffs, gleaming almost like chalk in the sunlight, or sinking into pink and brown where the shadows fell, all joined in one glorious display of life and color, leading up to the bluff square tower of the great church up-reared above us, flushing ruddy-brown in the autumn sunset glow.

The solitude, which was the usual portion of Saint Sepelian, was broken this Sunday evening by the groups of villagers straggling up the sides of the moor to church, in the leisurely way of scanty populations; and their voices, floating cheerfully upon the evening air, mingled with the twittering of the birds. Over all flowed the golden brown light of early autumn, and tinged the scene with cheerfulness.

I ought to have gazed and forborne to break in upon the loveliness of the surroundings with a word—has not some great authority pronounced that twaddling in the presence of the beauties of nature is as bad as chattering in church—but conventionality kept its ban upon me, and I reopened the conversation with the aforesaid commonplace.

But my companion, apparently more properly impressed than I, did not at first answer. Regarding myself as committed, I repeated my words, adding: "I should very much like to see it from the top of the tower."

"Yes, sir," replied the quaint old sexton, rousing himself (I like sextons as a race, and find them more equal to their traditional repute than other men); "I shall be very pleased to take you up any day in the week coming, if you're about."

"I'm afraid I must leave for London to-morrow morning," said I. "Couldn't we go up to-night?"

"Well, you see, sir, I can't take you up now, not before service begins; and 'twill be well nigh dark before they comes out."

"What a pity!" I exclaimed regretfully, gazing at the landscape, and up at the frowning, massive tower.

"Wouldn't there be time after service before it grows quite dark? I shouldn't want to stop up there more than five or ten minutes, you know, and I don't get such a chance very often."

"No, sir?" said Tom, considering, and evidently overcome by the eagerness and flattery that were more evident in my tone than in the words.

"Well, now, if passon don't take more than fifteen minutes before he wakes 'em for the last hymn, we might just manage it in time, perhaps."

"That's right," I assented cheerfully. "Besides, the moon's coming up to help the twilight out."

"Oh, sir, that may improve the look of the country from off the top, but she won't help you much up the stairs inside.

"There's an awkward little bit on them stairs; I know some as don't like it in broad daylight, though I could go up myself at midnight just the same, knowing as well as I do where the gaps come. Well, I must be off to see after the last peal. Shall I keep you a seat inside, sir?"

"Yes—no—well, can you give me one close by the door, and I'll slip in quietly." This was rather mean, for my intention was rather to slip out quietly at sermon time; until "passon" should wake them up for the last hymn.

"All right, sir." And he disappeared into the church, while I sat musing on.

It is not easy, of course, to say what, in given circumstances, will be the man's reflections; but mine, and I should think those of many, when confronted with the beauty of nature in her gentler moods, tend mostly in one direction.

It is good, we feel, to be alive, and consciousness of enjoyment leads—rightly as I think—to thankfulness, however vaguely felt or expressed inwardly to self. Then, as the natural means of expressing this thankfulness, come good resolves, and sorrow for wasted hours and days.

And I should shrewdly suspect that those who have most wasted their time, find their enjoyment at such moments the most tempered with regret.

Yet all must long alike for opportunities to live a little longer, and do some good in this beautiful world before they go forth into the great darkness.

As I gazed and mused, the gathering peal of the organ within roused my attention. As the vibration reached me, the first coolness of the evening made itself felt.

Yielding to the impulse, I made my way unseen to my corner in the church. Tom spied me at the door, and with noiseless skill pointed me to a chair behind the choir, whence, hidden myself, I could hear and see all.

The stately service proceeded; the choir sang, not without tokens of careful teaching, yet with the force and swing of natural musicians.

The tenors were rather rough, and inclined to gasp; and the altos occasionally produced somewhat curious notes: but the outside voices sang with plenty of tone and the basses especially, as Cornish basses do, swelled up with warm rich volumes of sound.

I must, however, confess that when the sermon had began, I stole out again into the gathering twilight, and marked the changes.

The colors of the land were sinking into darkening green and brown, the sea into purple and gray: all wrapped in the repose of coming night, though the twilight and the rising moon still showed the view clearly.

Two chords from the organ, and the sound of the wind gasping out of the bellows, proclaim the Amen after the sermon.

They are coming out, then. No, not yet; there is a pause, and a hymn begins, sounding even more impressive to my solitude without than within the building.

The hymn ended, there was a short pause, and the congregation came out. It did not take long, for the numbers were scanty in proportion to the size of the building; and in five minutes Tom Polgelly was at my side once more.

We proceeded to the tower door, and peered up the staircase. Certainly, it was dark enough for midnight; though outside, for practical purposes, the light seemed scarcely dimmed.

"I doubt I'd better fetch and light a candle, sir," said Tom.

"Hardly necessary, is it? There's no room to go wrong," I answered, laughing, as I drew back from the narrow winding stair.

"Ah, there's an awkward gap or two in the steps presently. They come to an end up yonder, and there's a turn, and a stone bar across, before they begin again the other way. But you can go on up till the bell-chamber, sir, and I'll be up to you with a light in half a minute."

I groped my way accordingly with due caution up the stairs, tapping them ahead of me with my stick.

Presently, coming to a small landing, I halted and waited for my guide, who seemed to have been delayed in his search for a candle.

It was quite dark. After a while, growing tired of waiting, I began to tap around with my stick to ascertain my position. Soon I found a doorway, doubtless leading into the bell-chamber, the staircase, as usual, being in a corner of the tower. The floor through this doorway seemed to be of wood, not stone, judging by the sound of my feet.

As I was making my way in this direction, I carelessly let fall my stick, which I heard clattering far down the steps up which I had come.

For a moment I turned round, intending to go down and recover it; but a bump against the wall surprised me, and made it clear that I had lost my sense of direction, and was helpless in the darkness until my guide should appear.

Impatience, however, helped me to decide that the bell chamber—could I reach it—would be pleasanter than standing on this narrow landing, with the gap of which Tom had warned me on one side, and a staircase on the other.

I had a lively remembrance of having once in the dark, in a strange house, mistaken a door at the head of the back staircase for that of my bed room, and plunged blindly half way down the said back stairs with my first step, and the other half in my effort to recover myself.

So I groped my way along, as I guessed, toward the bell chamber.

All at once I was conscious of a curious, gentle pressure of something light, and apparently living, on either shoulder. It was like a hand; so like, that I seemed almost to detect the fingers; and yet it was on both sides, and as though diffused also across my back, though slightly.

At the same time a partial drowsiness attacked me, and with it some loss of control over my will; so that when I moved again, was as much in obedience to the guidance of the pressure as of my will. The darkness was complete.

In wonder, I stretched my arms round and about to find the cause of this strange effect, but without success. I passed my hands over my shoulders and back, but felt nobody's except my own. Still the pressure was there, light but decided.

I wondered not to find myself wondering more at it, as I walked up and down, seeming now and then almost to float through the air, held up by the gentle, caressing touch on either shoulder. High thoughts, kindling and ennobling, if so I may describe my own, took possession of me. Time was forgotten.

According to the usual feeling of those kept waiting, the interval seemed long rather than short; not that I was impatient, for there seemed ample time for many leisurely fancies and longings to flit through the mind; as the doings of several days or even years may proceed without hurry in a dream lasting but a few minutes.

Meanwhile, the unseen hand or hands continued their guiding pressure, urging me sometimes a little to one side or the other. The strangest part of it all was the entirely pleasurable, comforting nature of the sensation.

So far from there being anything startling in it, it was actually reassuring, and seemed, as it were, to deprecate its own mystery; filling the air with trust and repose, to which I willingly—for who could resist such loving persuasion—resigned myself for what, as I have said, seemed some considerable time.

Suddenly there came a moving glint of light upon the tower wall, and steps and voices roused me from my thoughts.

"Where are you, sir, where have you got to?" shouted Tom's voice, sounding strangely troubled and anxious up the stairs.

"Here I am," I shouted back, making towards the place where the light showed in the doorway.

As I neared it, the feeling of the hands upon my shoulder grew lighter, and disappeared as I came within a yard of the doorway. Polgelly stood on the landing, holding the candle and with looks of amazement, and I fancied, also of fear, on his face.

"You didn't ought to play these tricks, sir," he exclaimed, "I couldn't think what had become of you. Why didn't you stop in the bell chamber as I told you, instead of frightening me like this?"

"How do you mean? why, here I am; what's the matter?" I asked, in utter astonishment, the more as I was only now recalled to a sense of ordinary matters.

"Why, look where you're a standing!" he exclaimed almost angrily. And as his light flooded the inside of the tower, I followed his advice, more literally than he had probably intended, and looked, for the first time, towards the floor. Floor, did I say?

There was no floor, at any rate till twenty feet below. I was standing on a beam, of which three or four ran in each direction from wall to wall, not more than six or eight inches across.

Below were the great bells, with all their machinery; and even as I looked, the hour clanged forth as if to shake me off my narrow perch.

But in the very moment when I swayed (for I was still on the beam, and by no means out of all danger) the unseen pressure once again made itself faintly felt, impelling me forward to the safe landing place. Then, with a parting touch—could it be of blessing?—on my head, it was gone, no more to return.

Even now, long years after, I cannot fully realize the danger; at the moment, it scarcely seemed to affect me at all. Old Tom Polgelly was quite shaken for the time, but I was hardly moved, except with a light, cheerful feeling of gratitude to my protector; for I have never been able to doubt the presence and kindly offices of some protecting power.

Gradually I came to see that I must have walked for some yards to and fro in the dark, along the narrow beam, on which only the coolest heads could have successfully ventured in full light. A fall must inevitably have brought either death, or injuries almost worse than death in their results.

In looking back at my adventure, although no braver than my fellow men, I am conscious of no tremor, fear, or shuddering at the peril of my position or the risk of so dreadful a fall. Nor could the most fearless of men be more unmoved in danger than was I, when held up in my passage along the narrow way by that unseen, protecting hand.

CAT BEDS.—Cats are the most obstinately capricious in their fancies about their beds of any domestic creature. They will follow a particular rug or shawl from room to room, if it be removed, in order to sleep on it, or insist on the use of the one chair until they get their way, and then for some reason take a fancy to another.

The cleanliest of all animals, anything newly washed or very fresh and bright strikes them as just the thing for a bed. A nicely-aired newspaper lying on the floor or in a chair, or linen fresh from the wash, is almost irresistible.

But the oddest taste in beds developed by a cat was that entertained by a very highly bred gray Angora; which was justly petted and admired by the family in which it lived.

For some months it would only sleep in or upon a hat, if such could be found, ladies' hats being preferred. If it could discover one with the inside uppermost, it would lie inside it.

If not, such was its love for this form of couch, it would curl itself round the brim, and with its long furry tail and pliant body made a fine winter trimming to a summer hat.

By some accident a drawer in which all the "summer" hats had been disposed for the winter was left open for some days, after which it was discovered that all the hats had been tried in turn, the cat having finally selected one adorned with white laburnum flowers, which never recovered from the "ironing" to which it had been subjected.

VERY COLD.—A person who has never been in the Arctic regions can have no idea of what cold is.

When we have the temperature down to a few degrees above zero, we think it is bitterly cold. But what must life be like where the mercury goes down to thirty-five degrees below zero in the house in spite of the stove?

Dr. Moss, of the Polar expedition of 1875-76, among other odd things, tells of the effect of cold on a wax candle which he burned there.

The temperature was thirty-five degrees below zero; and the doctor must have been considerably discouraged when, upon looking at his candle, he discovered that the flame had all it could do to keep warm. It was so cold that the flame would not melt all the wax of the candle, but was forced to eat its way down, leaving a sort of skeleton of the candle standing.

There was heat enough, however, to melt oddly-shaped holes in the thin walls of wax; and the result was a beautiful white lace like cylinder with a tongue of flame burning inside it, and sending out into the darkness many streaks of light.

HOW TO PUT THE CHILDREN TO BED.—Not with a reproof for any of that day's sins of omission or commission. Take any other time but bed-time for that.

If you ever heard a little creature sighing or sobbing in its sleep, you could never do this. Seal their closing eyelids with a kiss and a blessing. The time will come, all too soon, when they will lay their heads upon their pillows lacking both.

Let them then at least have this sweet memory of a happy childhood, of which no future sorrow or trouble can rob them. Give them their rosy youth. Nor need this involve wild license. The judicious parent will not so mistake my meaning.

If you have ever met the man or the woman whose eyes have suddenly filled when a little child has crept trustingly to its mother's breast, you may have seen one in whose childhood's home Dignity and Severity stood where Love and Pity should have been. Too much indulgence has ruined thousands of children; too much Love not one.

No species of falsehood is more frequent than flattery; to which the coward is betrayed by fear, the independent by interest, and the friend by tenderness.

Humorous.

I'D NOT THE LEAST IDEA.

One evening the village clock
  Had just done striking eight,
When Cousin Rosa lightly tripp'd
  Up to the garden gate;
And soon I heard her merry laugh
  Fall gently on my ear—
But whom she then was talking to
  I'd not the least idea.

I questioned her when she return'd—
  She blush'd, and hung her head;
I told her I'd the secret keep—
  To which she smiling said,
"Why, Minnie, dear, I thought I saw
  The postman coming here."
Now, whether this was true or not,
  I'd not the least idea.

A month or two have now pass'd by,
  Yet, very strange to say,
Each night at eight, out to the gate
  She's seen to haste away.
But what it is that takes her there
  I think is pretty clear;
Yet—tho' my thoughts I'll not disclose,
  No doubt you've some idea!

—H. M.

The sculptor is addicted to busts.

We may do away with foreign labor, but we can't run the trolley cars without poles.

"Otto, you have a bad report. What does that mean?"

"Yes, papa; teacher must have something against you!"

One of our callow youths was asked if he were going to the horse show. With a horse laugh, he said he only had enough for one and he had no show with a horse.

She: Why did Jones discharge his new servant girl?

He: She was very impudent, and Jones is a strong believer in civil service.

"Quarreled? Well, yes! She insisted that he should let her have a half interest in his ice wagon."

"I thought there was some coldness between them."

First burglar: How did Swipesy come ter git pinched?

Second: He found a bicycle in a house wot he cracked, an' he struck a match ter see if it was de make he rode.

Sandstone: Weren't you dancing with Miss Calloway last night?

Fiddleback: Yes. How did you know?

Sandstone: I saw her going into a chiropodist's this morning.

Thirsty Thingumbob: I never handles a hoe, boss. It puts blisters on me hands.

Farmer: That won't hurt you.

Thirsty Thingumbob: Yes; but dey's got water in 'em.

Rev. Goodman: Don't you know you will never succeed in life by spending your time in drinking?

Gayboy: Oh, I don't know. I find I can get a head that way.

Brown: I think it is difficult to determine the cause of a commercial depression.

Jones: Nonsense! You always have your choice of half a dozen causes, and you have only to select the one which suits your political opinions.

Literary aspirant: It must be fine to be an editor, and have an opportunity to print all that you want to say.

Experienced newspaper man: Lord bless you, boy, I printed all that I wanted to say in the first three weeks. Ever since then I've been filling space.

The doctor: Mrs. Brown has sent for me to go and see her boy, and I must go at once.

His wife: What is the matter with the boy?

The doctor: I don't know; but Mrs. Brown has a book on "What to do Before the Doctor Comes," and I must hurry up before she does it.

Little Willie: I won't play with Tommy Jones, 'cause he's naughty.

Mamma: That's my little man. What has Tommy done?

Little Willie: He laughed when another boy swung our old cat around by the tail.

Mamma: Who was the other bad boy?

Little Willie: Me.

"Papa," said Benny Bloobumper.

"Well, Benny?"

"People who support Maj. McKinley are gold bugs, arn't they?"

"Yes, Benny."

"Those who support Mr. Bryan are silver bugs?"

"Yes."

"Then are those who support the Prohibition candidate water bugs?"

"Travel broadens one so," gushed the minister's wife, as she fanned herself vigorously.

"That's right," chimed in the local humorist; "you ought to see Featherly since he got back. He weighs 260 pounds. I can't account for it," and the local humorist affected to shake his head.

"It was probably the change of scene," suggested the minister, smiling kindly upon the local humorist, who was so astonished that he didn't speak again the whole evening. So the rest of the people enjoyed themselves immensely.

THE CALL TO PRAYERS.

The Eastern Christians in the time of Mohammed called the faithful together for worship with wooden clappers, which the Prophet adopted prior to the institution of the muezzin, who screams the hours of prayer from the outside gallery of the minaret.

But Mohammed seems first of all to have taken up the Semitic custom of calling to prayer with a horn, which also still existed among the Ethiopian Christians some two centuries ago.

When the Saracens, under Saiah ed-Din, retook Jerusalem in 1187, the conqueror would not enter the city until all the Christian bells, put up during the previous eighty-eight years, had been smashed up for melting down.

When the Turks took Cyprus in 1570, they in like manner melted down the church bells to make more cannon for the defences of the towns.

But these bells must have been replaced by the Greek Christians—perhaps a good many were buried for safety, and dug up again—for in 1670 their noise was again forbidden by the Turkish pasha, and the wooden clappers were reverted to.

They had to beat a board—"batree un ais," as the Abbe Mariti stated it. And indeed, when the question is pushed home, it would seem that some such wooden summoners were the only original "bells" of the Eastern Christian Church, and that metallic bells were not introduced to the seat of the Eastern Empire, Constantinople, until the ninth century.

The records of the Synod or Council of Caesarea mention the beating of the "holy timbers," lignea sacra (a reminiscence of tree-worship?), at the translation of the martyr Anastasius; and there is other evidence that a board or tabula was beaten to call mourners to funerals—not so very far off the Chinese custom.

The Greeks seem to have also used a pole or spear handle, which they struck with a double mallet, and called a semantron, or signal.

But it is at the same time worthy of note that during the three days—from Thursday to Saturday—of the Holy, or Greater Week, on which the bells are not rung in the Latin rite, a crotola, or crotalum (a wooden sort of clapper or castanets in Rome) is struck when actually necessary during the sacred offices.

The earliest Eastern Christian bells are said to have been twelve of great weight obtained by the Emperor Michael the Sot (842-867), or by his successor, Basil the Macedonian, from Ursus Patricianus, Doge of Venice.

Up to about 1867 there existed scarce a Christian place of worship, whether Orthodox or Catholic, in Mohammedan Bosnia, to which worshippers were summoned by any other means than the toka, a wooden slab with a wooden hammer, which, since the irruption of the Turks, says Mr. J. de Asboth, has been in use in all the villages of Southern Hungary.

In all likelihood such was also the custom before the Turk; the Hungarians would also have reverted to bells at the first chance, had there been such a reversion to make.

The Eastern is an instrument which most people would classify at once side by side with the bell; and there is no reason why it should not be the older of the two, especially when we find that in all probability the first gongs were sonorous stones. M. Gustave Dumontier has recently well described the khanh, which is to be met with in every important pagoda of Annam.

They are cut from flat calcareous flagstones of a very fine grain, and a small boss is left on one side, where the khanh is struck with a little wooden hammer.

If we dimly perceived tree-worship in the lignea sacra, we might show here how stone-worship is very probably to be diagnosed. M. Dumontier call it a link between the bell and the drum, and even an archaic bell, and fancies it must have preceded all other musical instruments.

Both the bell and the sounding-stone, or khing, are mentioned in the Li Ki, among the earliest Chinese instruments of music; and "the differently toned khing," there mentioned must be the Annamite khanh of differing diapasons, hung in a frame, and played upon with the hammer like a harmonica.

Chinese Buddhist priests still use hand gongs as bells. Sounding stones were also used in the seventeenth century in the Christian churches of Ethiopia; and Vitruvius described a gong or cymbalum as belonging to the Roman water clocks of his time.

In archaic China, bells were used as musical instruments, with drums, at the Imperial banquets at minor sacrifices and official ceremonies.

The fabulous Emperor Hwand-Ti was fabled to have made twelve musical mouth bells—just the number we have seen ordered from Venice to Constantinople—a myth which can be connected with celestial harmony of the annual round.

According to the ancient customs of Amiens the bells of that commune were rung in case of alarm of fire, or to call the people together; and when a town was, as penalty, deprived of its bells by the king or some great feudal lord, it meant forfeiture not alone of the means of calling, but of the right of holding, public meeting.

While this kind of civil interdict lasted, all public business was either suspended or developed upon the royal officials, and this condition of affairs only ceased the town's submission, when it could buy back it's "right of belfry."

FUSSY HOUSEKEEPING.—Who has not suffered more or less from this form of housekeeping? Do we not all know what it is to stay in a house where, from morning to night, the wheels of the internal machinery are creaking and and groaning, whose mistress, like Martha of old, is "careful and troubled about many things"?

There seems to her to be scarcely any subject in heaven or earth worth consideration compared with the well-being of her menage.

The relative merits and prices of shop provisions versus stores, and the shortcomings of servants, form the staple food of her conversation.

She is eternally arranging and rearranging her furniture and her household generally; she changes her tradespeople and her servants continually, always hoping to get something better, something cheaper, something superhuman in the shape of domestics.

Another dreadful thing—she is everlastingly cleaning something. You meet her on the stairs or in odd corners, surreptitiously flicking imaginary specks of dust or giving something an extra brush or polish.

It is necessary to be clean, and, as we all know, it is one of the first principles of health, but for pity's sake do not let it be so much in evidence.

Why should the whole family be plunged into a state of discomfort because, no matter how inconvenient it happens to be, it is the day for "turning out" a certain room?

RIPANS TABULES REGULATE THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS AND PURIFY THE BLOOD.

RIPANS TABULES are the best Medicine known for Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Chronic Liver Troubles, Dizziness, Offensive Breath, and all disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Ripans Tabules are pleasant to take, safe, effectual, and give immediate relief. Sold by druggists.

DOLLARD & CO.,

YOUNG WIG

1223
CHESTNUT ST.
Philadelphia,
Premier Artistes
IN HAIR.

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GO BARMER VENTILATING WIG, ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES, and Manufacturers of Every Description of Ornamental Hair for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.	FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frisettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '93. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS.
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Coal. No Smoke. No Cinder

On and after September 7, 1896.

Trains Leave Reading Terminal, Philada.

Buffalo Day Express, Parlor and Dining Car, Black Diamond Express	daily	9.00 a m
For Buffalo, (Parlor Car)	Week-days, 12.30 p m	
Buffalo and Chicago Exp. Sleeping Cars,	daily, 6.34 p m	
	daily, 9.45 p m	

Williamsport Express, week-days, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05 p m. Daily (Sleeper) 11.30 p m.

Lock Haven, Clearfield and Bellefonte Express (Sleeper) daily, except Saturday, 11.30 p m.

FOR NEW YORK.

Leave Reading Terminal, 4.10, 7.30, (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.00 a m, 12.45, (dining car), 1.30, 3.05, 4.00, 4.03, 5.00, 6.10, 8.10 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.30, 9.30, 10.10, 11.50 (dining car) a m, 1.30, 3.55, 6.10, 8.10 (dining car) p m, 12.1[illegible] night.

Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.55, 7.59, 10.09, 10.32, 11.04, a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 3.08, 4.10, 6.12, 8.19 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.55, 10.32, a m, 12.04, (dining car), 4.10, 6.12, 8.19, (dining car), 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 8.15 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.00, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 4.30 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 9.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—4.30 9.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on all night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 8.00, 9.00, 11.00 a m, 12.30, 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.34, 9.45 p m. Sundays—6.24, 8.32, 9.00 a m, 1.10, 4.20, 6.34, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, does not connect for Easton on Sunday.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phoenixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45, 11.05 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.53, 7.20 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.05, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.35 a m, 6.15, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.53, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express 4.05, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.15 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 1.42, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.05, 7.30 a m. Accom., 6.15.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, Saturdays only 2.30, 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.05, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 6.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.05 a m.

For Danville and Bloomsburg, 10.05 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 9.00, 10.45 a m, 2.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m. $1.00 Excursion train, 7.00 a m.

Leave Atlantic City depot—Week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 8.15, 9.00 a m, 3.30, 5.30, 7.30 p m. Accommodation, 7.55 a m, 4.37 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.00, 7.10, 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 5.00 p m. $1.00 Excursion train (from foot Mississippi avenue only), 6.10 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

FOR CAPE MAY.

Week-days, 9.15 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m.

Leave Cape May, week-days, 7.35 a m, 3.40 p m. Sundays, 3.40 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner Broad and Chestnut streets, 832 Chestnut street, 1006 Chestnut street, 609 S. Third street, 2362 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

L. A. SWEIGARD, General Superintendent. C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger Agent.

Were Awarded FOUR MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS, also chosen for 32 STATE AND FOREIGN BUILDINGS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Twenty Medals and Diplomas were taken by makers of the raw materials used by me in constructing the Crowns.

The Crown is the only Piano which contains the **Wonderful Orchestral Attachment and Practice Clavier**, the greatest invention of the age and by the use of which you can imitate perfectly the **Harp, Zither, Banjo, Mandolin, Guitar, Clavicord, Dulcimer, Spinet, Harpsichord, Music Box, Autoharp, Bag Pipe, Etc.**

THE CROWN IS THE ONLY PIANO WORTH $1000.00 MORE THAN IT COSTS.

The Illustrated Souvenir Catalogue, telling the whole story, sent free. Ask for it.

GEO. P. BENT, Manufacturer,
345-353 Washington Boul., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Don't buy a Piano or Organ until you hear and examine a "Crown" and get prices.

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE
PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, say "Way Down on the Swanee River," either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC, IMMEDIATELY correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE.

By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. Postage stamps, U.S. taken. Address—

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.